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MY PILGRIMAGE.



ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,

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SONGS

IN

The House of my Pilgrimage;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY A LADY.

Marilyn, Mrs E Throop

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P r e f a c e.

To the bereaved, the sorrowing, the weary, and the heavy-laden, this volume is affectionately inscribed.

It is designed to comfort and sustain the Christian pilgrim in his passage through an enemy's country, by presenting daily to his mind the precious promises contained in the word of God, and to encourage him to press forward to that glorious inheritance promised to him who "endureth unto the end." Many of the selections accompanying the text will doubtless be familiar to the reader, but we trust they will not for this reason be the less acceptable; they have been chosen not so much for their novelty, as for the devotional and earnest spirit which they breathe. It has been a delightful occupation to search the Scriptures for these great and precious promises; and it is humbly hoped that many of those into whose hands this small selection may fall, will find it their pleasure to commit to memory the passage of Scripture appropriated to the day of the month, which, with a little effort, may be accomplished before entering on the business of the day. When "clouds and darkness are round about us," when there seems "no eye to pity," and no human hand to bring relief, with these words hidden in the heart, instead of pining in sadness, we can always rejoice and sing, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul."

JANUARY 1.

Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.—PSALM lxiii. 7.

For what shall I praise thee, my God, and my king ?

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring ?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,

For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace ?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,

For joys in prospective, and pleasure possessed ?

For the spirits that brightened my days of delight ?
For the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night ?

For this should I thank thee ; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss :

I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I
share,

For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears ;
I thank thee, I bless thee, my king and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath be-
stowed,—

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone !
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me ;
'T was the message of mercy, it led me to thee.

CAROLINE FRY.

JANUARY 2.

The Lord God is a sun and shield ; the Lord will
give grace and glory : no good thing will he withhold
from them who walk uprightly.—PSALM lxxxiv. 11.

OH ! Christian, who is like to thee ?
A ransomed sinner—called to be
Peculiar to the Lord :

Thy shield, He guards thee from the foe ;
Thy sword, He fights thy battles too ;
Himself thy great reward.

Fear not, though many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
And makes thy cause his own :
The promised land before thee lies,
Go and possess the glorious prize,
Reserved for thee alone.

JANUARY 3.

They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.—PSALM
cxxiv. 5.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts which here annoy ;
Then they that oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

JANUARY 4.

An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.—1 PETER i. 4.

YE angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known:
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood

Oh when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song ?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay ;
I struggle and pant to be free ;
I long to be soaring away
My God and my Saviour to see.

I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb,
I want to be one of your choir
And tune my sweet harp to *his* name :
I want, oh ! I want to be there,
When sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

MADAME DE FLEURY.

JANUARY 5.

'Tis I ! Be not afraid.—**M A R K** vi. 50.

OUR Saviour, how often when trials are needed,
To humble presumption, and pride to repress,
Thou com'st to our hearts, yet unknown and un-
heeded,
Nay, oft'ner reviled, though thou speakest to
bless !
The creature, though finite, though erring and
blind,
Still rebels 'gainst the dealings of infinite mind.

Oh teach us, our Father, when loved ones are
taken,
And we would rebel at the heart-breaking blow ;
When earth seems a desert, and we all forsaken,
And beauty and happiness mock at our woe :
To trust all to Him, who in mercy hath said,
“It is I—it is Jesus—oh ! be not afraid !”

G. P. Y.

JANUARY 6.

For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.—*2 CORINTHIANS* v. 4.

If through unruffled seas
Toward Heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, oh God, to Thee
We'll own the fostering gale:

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

JANUARY 7.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path.—*PSALM cxliii. 3.*

My God! whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee Father—sweet endearing name,
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to *Thee.*

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel ;
But oh ! this thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all are known to Thee.

JANUARY 8.

Thus shall they know that I the Lord their God am
with them.—EZEKIEL xxxiv. 30.

EACH secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear—I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest can take,
This brief appeal submissively I make,
All, all is known to Thee.

JANUARY 9.

Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.—1 PET. i. 18, 19.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove
While I recall the Son of thy dear love;
The cup thou wouldest not for our sakes remove,
That cup he drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
Of wrath, for those whose cup he drained;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup con-
tained,—

All, all is known to Thee.

JANUARY 10.

He giveth his beloved sleep.—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

I TREAD the churchyard's path alone,
Unseen to shed the gushing tear;
I read on many a mouldering stone
Fond records of the good and dear.

My soul is well nigh faint with fear,
When doubting Mary went to weep ;
And yet what sweet repose is here,—
“ He giveth his beloved sleep.”

The world is but a feverish rest
To weary pilgrims sometimes given,
When pleasure’s cup has lost its zest,
And glory’s hard-earned crown is riven,
Here softer than the dews of even
Fall peaceful on the slumbering deep,
Asleep to earth—awake to heaven—
He giveth his beloved sleep.

BISHOP SPENCER.

JANUARY 11.

Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain,
that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works
perfect before God.—REVELATION iii. 2.

LET not soft slumber close your eyes
Before you’ve recollect ed thrice
The train of actions through the day :
Where have my feet chose out the way ?

What have I learned where'er I 've been,
From all I 've heard, from all I 've seen ?
What know I more that 's worth the knowing ?
What have I done that 's worth the doing ?
What have I sought that I should shun ?
What duty have I left undone ?
Or into what new follies run ?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

DR. WATTS.

JANUARY 12.

I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman.
JOHN xv. 1.

WEARY pilgrim, lift thine eye ;
Downward through the yielding sky,
Lo the Vine of Canaan bends
Near the hand that faith extends ;
Fainting with the summer's heat,
Thou art welcome, "Take and eat."

'Tis no dream, this vine is true,
Taste, the vintage is for you ;

Quicken thou thy lingering feet,
Thou art welcome, "Take and eat."

JANUARY 13.

Is it not (the fast that I have chosen) to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh.—ISAIAH lviii. 7.

THY neighbor? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou, and succor him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy brother worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh ! pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery :—
Go share thy lot with him.

JANUARY 14.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 16.

CHRISTIAN, walk cheerfully, though the dark storm

Fill the bright sky with the clouds of alarm ;
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian, walk carefully, danger is near,
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear ;
Snares from without and temptations within
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

JANUARY 15.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench ; he shall bring forth judgment with truth.—ISAIAH xlii. 3.

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more !

Hear what comfort he hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken :—
Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as ye go,
Come with grief, with sin oppressed,
Come to me, and be at rest.

Broken-hearted, weep no more !

Far from consolation flying ;
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing :—
Bring thy broken heart to me ;
Welcome offering it shall be ;
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice.

JANUARY 16.

The Lord resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.—*1 PETER v. 5.*

CHRISTIAN, walk humbly, exult not in pride,
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied ;
He holdeth thee up, He directeth thy ways ;
To Him be the glory, to Him be the praise.

Christian, walk prayerfully ; oft wilt thou fall
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call ;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and
care,

If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

JANUARY 17.

Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh,
shall find so doing.—*MATTHEW xxiv. 46.*

CHRISTIAN, walk steadfastly while it is light ;
Swift are approaching the shades of the night,
All that thy Master has bidden thee to do
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

Christian, walk joyfully ; trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain ;
This thy bright glory, and thus thy reward,
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !”

JANUARY 18.

For thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy ; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.—ISAIAH lvii. 15.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love Thee if I could,
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that’s good.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;

I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart *rejoice*, or ache !
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, *break*—
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

JANUARY 19.

But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall
be saved.—MATTHEW xxiv. 13.

A THOUSAND ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high ;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleased with a journey to the sky.

No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below ;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above :
There glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

COWPER.

JANUARY 20.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant ; for unto Thee, O Lord,
do I lift up my soul.—PSALM lxxxvi. 4.

WHEN my prayers are a burden and task,
No wonder I little receive ;
O Lord make me willing to ask,
Since thou art so ready to give :
Although I am bought with thy blood,
And all thy salvation is mine,
At a distance from Thee my chief good,
I wander, and languish, and pine.

While my spirit within me is press'd
With sorrow, temptation, and fear,
Like John I would flee to thy breast,
And pour my complaints in thine ear.

How happy and favored was he
Who could on thy bosom repose !
Might this favor be granted to me,
I'd smile at the rage of my foes.

But if thou hast appointed me still
To wrestle, and suffer, and fight ;
Oh make me resigned to thy will,
For all thy appointments are right :
This mercy at least I entreat,
That knowing how vile I have been,
I, with Mary, may wait at thy feet,
And weep o'er the pardon of sin.

NEWTON.

JANUARY 21.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ?—ROMANS viii. 35.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I ?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

JANUARY 22.

I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be
content.—PHILIPPIANS iv. 11.

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to Thee.

In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will ;

For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

Thus I, who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learned to be content.

COWPER.

JANUARY 23.

Oh thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with culors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.—ISAIAH liv. 11.

PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Christ the Saviour says ;
Every word should joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praise :
Yes, he speaks, and speaks to thee,
May he help thee to believe !
Then thou presently will see
Thou hast little cause to grieve.

Though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart :
All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew ;
And in thee it shall appear
What a God of love can do.

NEWTON.

JANUARY 24.

I will rejoice over them to do them good.—JER. xxxii. 18.

ALL, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned,
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand :

All, all is known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
Which seems t' unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await,
That cure I leave to Thee.

JANUARY 25.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God that he may exalt you in due time.—*1 PET. v. 6.*

FOND ambition, whisper not,
 Happy is my humble lot ;
Anxious, busy cares, away,
 I'm provided for to-day.

O, to live exempt from care,
 By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude.

JANUARY 26.

But He knows the way that I take ; when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.—*JOB xxiii. 8, 9.*

GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,
 That it should know no ill ;
We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
 And feel its sharpness still.

He sits as “a refiner” now,
And burns away our dross ;
And soon He’ll raise us to a throne,
If we but “bear the cross.”

JANUARY 27.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—PSALM xxxiv. 7.

Oh, why should we shrink from the sorrow and care
Which our heavenly Father requires us to bear ?
Oh, why at the sight of the cross be dismayed,
When the angel of God has been sent to our aid ?

Begone, sad forebodings and cowardly fears,
Fly away every doubt, flow no longer my tears ;
Though a host shall rise up my poor soul to dismay,
The sword of God’s angel shall win me the day.

JANUARY 28.

He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.—JOHN xiv. 21.

Does a Father his fostering hand
From heaven in mercy extend ?
And shall I such goodness withstand,
And refuse such a bountiful friend ?

Does a Saviour so holy and pure
Deign his love to bestow upon me ?
Let me hasten the gift to secure,
That *his* face I may constantly see.

To the heart truly humbled by woe,
The anointing of joy shall be given ;
To the tears that from penitence flow,
The peace that's the foretaste of heaven.

JANUARY 29.

Turn ye unto me, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord of hosts.—ZECH. i. 3.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And Life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be called to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

DODDRIDGE.

JANUARY 30.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.—PROV xviii. 10.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God !
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.

The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,
Does with resplendent brightness shine ;
And while by faith I see it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

JANUARY 31.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. —Ps. lxxviii. 25.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me ;

The midsummer sun shines but dim
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Whose winter and clouds are no more.

FEBRUARY 1.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—PSALM xxx. 5.

OH deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

BRYANT.

FEBRUARY 2.

We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.—ACTS xiv. 22.

THE path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously arrayed
In Nature's various robe,
With wondrous skill displayed,

Is to a mourner's heart
A dreary wild at best,
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

COWPER.

FEBRUARY 3.

Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls.—MATTHEW xl. 29.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please ;
The mind that feels no smart
Enlivens all it sees ;
Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May ;
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

COWPER.

Then seek ye this content,
Through Him who is “the Way,”
And think how oft he went
In solitude to pray.

When earthly lights were dim,
He raised his eyes to heaven;
Go thou and learn of *Him*,
His grace is freely given.

FEBRUARY 4.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not because it knew him not.—1 JOHN iii. 1.

THERE is a family on earth,
Whose Father fills a throne;
But though a seed of heavenly birth,
To men they're little known.

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
They feel the public scorn;
For men their fairest charms deny,
And count them basely born.

But 'tis the King who reigns above
That claims them for his own;

The favored objects of his love,
And destined to a throne.

KELLY.

FEBRUARY 5.

The righteous cry and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.—PSALM xxxiv. 17.

STRONG are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day ;
But they who thus have bound me,
Cannot keep God away.

They know, who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone ;
But know not One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone.

Thy love, O God ! restores me,
From sighs and tears to praise ;
And deep my soul adores Thee,
Nor thinks of time or place.
Oh, 'tis enough whate'er befall,
To know that God is "all in all."

MADAME GUION.

FEBRUARY 6.

Blessed are the dead.—REV. xiv. 13.

Oh stay thy tears ; for they are blessed,
Whose days are passed, whose toil is done ;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense to die.

Oh cheerless were our lengthened way—
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

NORTON.

FEBRUARY 7.

I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.—JOHN xiv. 6.

THOU art the Way—and he who sighs
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By Thee must come, thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod ;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom ;
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day ;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven,
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

FEBRUARY 8.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.—
PSALM xcii. 1.

ALL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or in the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

GUION.

FEBRUARY 9.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—ISAIAH lxvi. 13.

Your sorrows to His eye are known,
Your secret motives clear ;
It needeth not the pomp of words,
To pour them on His ear.

Doth death thy bosom's cell invade ?
Yield up thy flower of grass ;
Swells the world's wrathful billows high ?
Bow down and let it pass.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clam'rous lips repeat,
But the *deep silence* of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

SIGOURNEY.

FEBRUARY 10.

I shall go to Him, but he shall not return to me.

2 SAMUEL xii. 23

YE who mourn

WHENE'ER your vacant cradle, or the robes
That decked the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to His arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope
When a few hastening years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you.

SIGOURNEY.

FEBRUARY 11.

I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that
thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—Ps. cxix. 75.

OH Thou that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner's brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that only bleed:
•The only balm of our afflictions, Thou.

Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, O God !
To kiss with quivering lips, still humbly kiss the
rod !

Forgive, forgive, even should our full hearts break ;
The broken heart, thou wilt not, Lord, despise :
Ah ! Thou art still too gracious to forsake,
Though Thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
Hear all our prayers, hear not our murmurs,
Lord ;
And though our lips rebel, still make thyself
adored.

MILMAN.

FEBRUARY 12.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the
weary be at rest.—JOB iii. 17.

BROTHER, thou hast gone before us, and thy saintly
soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow
is unknown ;

From the burthen of the flesh, and from care and
fear released,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er, and borne
the heavy load ;

But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
his blest abode.

Thou 'rt sleeping now like Lazarus, upon his Fa-
ther's breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

FEBRUARY 13.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.
HEBREWS iv. 9.

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust, the solemn
priest hath said ;

So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal
thy narrow bed ;

But thy spirit, brother, soars away, among the
faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou
hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a wel-
come find ;

May each like thee depart in peace, to be a
glorious guest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

MILMAN

FEBRUARY 14.

Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be
ignorant of us. --ISAIAH lxiii. 16.

OH Lord, in sickness and in health,
To every lot resigned,
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

As Life, thy upland path we tread,
And often pause in pain,
To think of friends and parents dead,
Oh! let us not complain.

The Lord may give or take away,
But naught our faith can move,
While we to heaven can look and say,
“*Our Father* lives above.”

BOWLES.

FEBRUARY 15.

They are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.—Rev. vii. 15.

For other scenes there are, and in a clime
Purer, and other strains to earth unknown,
Where heaven's high host with symphonies sublime,
Sing “Unto Him that sitteth on a throne.”
Enough for man if he the task fulfil
Which God ordained, and to his journey's end

Bear him right on, betide him good or ill ;
Then Hope to soothe his death-bed shall descend
Nor leave him till in mansions of the blest
He gain his destined home, his everlasting rest.

BOWLES.

FEBRUARY 16.

Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better
and an enduring substance.—HEBREWS x. 34.

FEW rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth ;
They are not weeds we should despise,
They are not fruits of paradise ;
But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way,
That cheer, yet not protract his stay ;
Which he dare not too fondly clasp,
Lest they should perish in his grasp ;
And yet may view and wisely love,
As proofs and types of joys above.

ANON.

FEBRUARY 17.

But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.—JAMES i. 6.

Come *boldly* to the throne of grace,
Our great High Priest is there ;
Come venture to that holy place,
Beneath his guardian care.

Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Where Jesus kindly pleads ;
Ours cannot be a desperate case,
While Jesus intercedes.

FEBRUARY 18.

Where hast thou gleaned to-day ?—RUTH ii. 19

At evening to myself I say,
My soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day ;
Thy labors how bestowed ?

What hast thou rightly said or done ?
What grace attained or knowledge won,
In following after God ?

JAY.

FEBRUARY 19.

The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy : teach me thy statutes.—PSALM cxix. 64.

THROUGH all the downward track of time,
God's watchful eye surveys ;
Oh, who so fit to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways.

Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

FEBRUARY 20.

And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.—NUMBERS xxi. 4.

AND art thou, my soul ? look within thee and say,
If thou art discouraged because of the way ?

Round the borders of Edom thy course may be
laid,
But faint not, fair Canaan in smiles is arrayed ;
What though often wearied and sick thou may'st
be,
Take courage, "A rest there remaineth for thee."
When the last day arrives of thy pilgrimage here,
The way thou hast passed with its hope and its
fear,
Will seem like a shadow dispelled by the sun,
As the rays of light beam from thy glorious home.

M.

FEBRUARY 21.

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.
MATTHEW ix. 2.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of
peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to
cease ;
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
" Come hither, ye laden ; ye weary, draw near."

There's a rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the
skies ;
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
Which the world cannot give, nor the world take
away.

McCOMB.

FEBRUARY 22.

And they took knowledge of them, that they had been
with Jesus.—Acts iv. 13.

WHEN one who holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship well-freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,

'T were vain inquiring to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

COWPER'S 'CHARITY.'

FEBRUARY 23.

And they went and told Jesus.—MATT. xiv. 12

THEY went and told Jesus ! O wisdom indeed,
To go in their anguish, so quickly to him ;
He, *he* is the friend whom these mourners most
need,
His heart is o'erflowing with pity for them.

They went and told Jesus ! They knew that his
eye
Could pierce through the veil which enwrapped
them in woe ;
When those who are dear to us suffer and die,
We 'll learn from these stricken ones where *we*
may go.

They went and told Jesus ! Oh, privilege high,
The pain which they felt was then piercing *his*
breast ;
His listening ear caught the martyr's last sigh,
As he passed from this world to the haven of
rest.

M.

FEBRUARY 24.

He went up into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.—LUKE vi. 12.

NIGHT is the time to pray,
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains, far away ;
So will his followers too
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease.

Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine.

FEBRUARY 25.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.—Is. xxvi. 3.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign rule denies,
Accepted at the throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

FEBRUARY 26.

When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any one, that your Father also which is in heaven, may forgive your trespasses.—MARK xi. 25.

How beautifully falls
From human lips, that blessed word, “Forgive.”
Forgiveness ! 'tis the attribute of God,
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again
On earth, lost Eden’s faded bloom, and flings
Hope’s halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lesson of humanity,
That he can give it utterance ; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

FEBRUARY 27.

If thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him ; if thou seek him with all thy heart and thy soul.—DEUT. iv. 29.

LET out thy soul and pray,
Not for thy home alone :

Away, in prayer away,
 Make all the world thine own !
Let out thy soul in prayer,
 Oh, let thy spirit grow ;
God gives thee sun and air,
 Let the full blossom blow.

Then dost thou not perceive,
 Thy spirit swell within ;
And something high receive,
 That is not born of sin ?
Oh, paltry is the soul,
 That only *self* can heed ;
Sail outward from the shoal,
 And bourgeon from the seed.

COXE.

FEBRUARY 28.

Ye seek me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled.—JOHN vi. 26.

SOME with Jesus are delighted,
 While he speaks of joys to come,

Thinking that to them is plighted,
After death, a happy home ;
But the "cross," when He declares it,
"None but he who takes and bears it
Can my true disciple be;"
Few, *how few*, to this agree.

All are pleased when "come ye weary,"
They can hear the Saviour say ;
But 'tis language harsh and dreary,
"Enter ye the narrow way."
While hosannah men are singing,
All can love ; but when is ringing,
"Crucify him,"—at the sound,
Nothing more of love is found.

FEBRUARY 29.

Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin should live unto righteousness.—1 PETER ii. 24.

Is thy joy in Christ arising
From thy love to Him alone ?

In his sorrows sympathizing,
Canst thou make his griefs thine own ?
Should he cease with hope to bless thee,
Should dark fears and doubts distress thee,
Still confiding, couldst thou say,
“Jesus, *thou* art all my stay ?”

M A R C H 1.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 17.

BUT darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come ;
Her pencil sickening fancy throws away,
And weary hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre care pursues no more.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

MARCH 2.

For I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat.
LEVITICUS xvi. 2.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget thy mercy-seat.

MARCH 3.

And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one
to say unto him, Lord, is it I?—MATT. xxvi. 22.

If a traitor was found 'mid the privileged few,
If its own hidden treason each heart could
descry;
Let my poor startled conscience each moment re-
view
The anxious inquiry, “ O Lord, is it I ?”

Oh, thou searcher of hearts, whose mystical line
Can fathom a breast too deceitful for me,
Try all the recesses and windings of mine,
And help me to cast all its sorrows on Thee.

MARCH 4.

Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.
ISAIAH liii. 4.

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye

Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony.

And was the sinless thus beset,
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way ?
Through Him—through Him that path who trod,
Save or we perish, Son of God.

M A R C H 5.

I am afflicted very much ; quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.—PSALM cxix. 107.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my trouble end ?

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe ;
The sharpest sufferings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful care.

MARCH 6.

For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—HEB. iv. 15.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The advocate of saints appears.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains,
A fellow-feeling in our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

MARCH 7.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—HEB. iv. 16.

JESUS ! in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me ;

My sinking spirit still sustain,
To Thee, I turn to Thee.

When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In Thee alone can help be found,
To Thee, I turn to Thee.

Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I'll turn to Thee.

T. H. G.

MARCH 8.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels: and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.—
MAL. iii. 17.

THE jewels of our God
Are souls redeemed from sin;
Oh, tell me, dearest Lord,
What gems I choose for mine.

Search, search my heart, and see,
If glittering stones of earth

Arouse my foolish vanity,

Or seem of real worth.

The Pearl of price, oh, make me choose,

And earth's poor worthless gems refuse.

M A R C H 9.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber
nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy
shade upon thy right hand.—PSALM CXXI. 4, 5.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My many wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

MARCH 10.

Father, not my will but thine be done.—LUKE xxii. 42.

LORD! my times are in thy hand,
All my fondest hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

BROWN.

MARCH 11.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.—MATT. vi. 20.

WHEN Heaven's unerring pencil writes on every
pilgrim breast,
As passport to time's changeful shore, "Lo this is
not your rest;"

Why build ye towers, ye fleeting ones? why bowers of fragrance rear,
As if the self-deluded soul might find its solace here?

In vain! in vain! for storms will rise, and o'er your treasures sweep;
But when loud thunders vex the wave, and deep replies to deep,
When in your desolated path, hope's glittering fragments lay,
Spring up, and fix your grasp on that which never can decay.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MARCH 12.

And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows.—EXODUS iii. 7

IN every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;

He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To keep us in the evil hour.

MARCH 13.

And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land, unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey.—EXODUS iii. 8.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rock and hill, and brook and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

M A R C H 14.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—REV. xxii. 14.

WHEN Thou my righteous Judge shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out
When Thou for them shalt call ?

M A R C H 15.

For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.—ROMANS x. 4.

THOU lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, “Depart.”

Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

M A R C H 16.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall he not with Him also freely give us all things?—ROMANS viii. 32.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That saved a wretch like me ;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

NEWTON.

MARCH 17.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth.—
PSALM cxxxviii. 2.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, O how free !

Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;

But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal power must fail ;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

M A R C H 18.

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ? --JER. xii. 5.

DARK river of death that is flowing
Between the bright city and me,
Thou boundest the path I am going,
Oh ! how shall I pass over thee ?
When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,
And earth disappears from my sight ;
When a cloud rises thickly before me,
And veils all my spirits in night ?
O death ! thou last portion of sorrow,
The prospect of heaven is bright ;

And fair is the dawn of its morrow,
But stormy and dreadful thy night !
But the glory from Calvary streaming,
Will shine o'er the cold sable wave ;
And Hope, on her strong anchor leaning,
Look beyond the deep gloom of the grave.

MARCH 19.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,
write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from
henceforth.—REV. xiv. 13.

OH, think that while you are weeping here,
His hand an angel's harp is stringing,
And with a voice serene and clear,
His ransomed soul without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing !
And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed forever ;
While He whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon his servant's head,
A crown that fadeth never.

MARCH 20.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

PSALM xxxiii. 5.

THERE is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought,
Lends even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

MARCH 21.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed,
for I am thy God ; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help
thee : yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my
righteousness —ISAIAH xli. 10

Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest ?
'Tis not thou, but it must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade.

MARCH 22.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—REV. vii. 16, 17.

Oh, what a mighty change
Shall suffering Christians know,
While o'er the heavenly plains they range,
Incapable of woe.

On Him who bore their grief,
They cast their every care ;
From every want they feel relief,
The precious Lamb is there. .

MARCH 23.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.—MATTHEW vi. 33

WHATEVER passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,

Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear ;
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

M A R C H 24.

Thou art my hiding-place ; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble ; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.—PSALMS xxxiii. 7.

HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
Then I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

MARCH 25.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous ; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.—PSALMS xxxiv. 19.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair.

Let us be patient ; these severe afflictions,
 Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
 Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

LONGFELLOW.

MARCH 26.

In my Father's house are many mansions ; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.—JOHN xiv. 2.

SHE is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest :

We will be patient ; and assuage the feeling,
We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

MARCH 27.

O Lord, I know that in very faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.—PSALMS cxix. 75.

THERE is a secret in the ways of God,
With his own children, which none others know,
That sweetens all he does ; and if such peace,
While under his afflicting hand, we find,
What will it be to see Him as he is,
And past the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul's repose ?
Come then, affliction, if my Father bid,
And be my frowning friend ; a *friend* that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.

SWAINE.

MARCH 28.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—MATT. xi. 28.

How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease ;

When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
"Come hither ye laden, ye weary draw near."

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
There's a home for the homeless, prepared in the
skies ;

There's a joy in believing, a hope, and a stay,
That the world cannot give, nor the world take
away.

Oh, had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky,
Where the still and small breathing to earth
that was given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of
heaven.

McCOMB.

MARCH 29.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.—Ps. cxix. 105.

OH, child of sorrow, be it thine to know,
That Scripture only is the cure of woe ;

That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road.
The soul reposing on assured belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labor as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

COWPER.

MARCH 30.

That ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii. 17, 18, 19.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Could we bear from one another,
What He daily bears from us ?

Yet this glorious friend and brother,
Loves us though we treat him thus :
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We alas ! forgot too often,
What a friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

N.

MARCH 31.

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly,
and to love mercy.—MICAH vi. 8.

MERCY is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
For mercy is above the sceptered sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself.
Consider this, if justice be thy plea,
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation.

APRIL 1.

He will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints.
PSALM lxxxv. 8.

Oh, Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more;
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way,
Which Thou hast trod before.

HEBER.

APRIL 2.

He will be very gracious unto thee, at the voice of thy cry ; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.—
ISAIAH xxx. 19.

HE knelt—he Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye,
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony !
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

And was His mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but through Him, that path who trod,
Save, or we perish, Son of God.

MRS. HEMANS.

APRIL 3.

Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace ; for thereby good shall come unto thee.—JOB xxii. 21.

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's
hour ;
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower,
And to make idols and to find them clay,
And to bewail their worship—therefore pray !

MRS. HEMANS.

APRIL 4.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.—1 PETER i. 24.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

APRIL 5.

The Lord shall help and deliver them ; He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.—PSALM xxxvii. 40.

Is thy heart oppressed with grief ?
Look to Jesus for relief ;
Art thou weary, sorely pressed ?
He can give the weary rest.

Art thou, Christian, sore beset
With the tempter's wily net ?
From his toils, ah, break away,
Look to Jesus, ne'er delay.

M.

APRIL 6.

He that hath mercy on them shall lead them ; even by the springs of water shall he guide them.—Is. xl ix. 10.

If thou art worn, and hard beset,
With sorrows, that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

LONGFELLOW.

APRIL 7.

If a man keep my sayings he shall never see death.
JOHN viii. 51.

No, he shall see his Saviour come,
To tell him that his pains are o'er,
To bear him to his heavenly home,
To welcome him to Canaan's shore.

This is not death ; it is the gate
Which opens to a world of bliss ;

Let us be patient ; while we wait
Our exit from a world like this.

Nor may we murmur at our lot,
Or shrinking, view our daily cross ;
Oh, be our selfish griefs forgot,
For Jesus we count all but loss.

M.

A P R I L 8.

And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.—Acts xiii. 39.

My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

COWPER.

APRIL 9.

Thou shalt eat of the labor of thy hands : happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.—Ps. cxxviii. 2.

COURAGE, my soul ! on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come ;
A thousand ways Jehovah has
To bring believers home.

It shall be well whate'er befall
The pilgrim on his way ;
He 'll find a blessed rest at last,
After life's toilsome day.

APRIL 10.

Thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters
that pass away.—JOB xi. 16.

THEN let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow ;
The haven though distant I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe.
When safe on the beautiful strand,
I 'll smile on the billows that foam ;
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

MISS TAYLOR.

APRIL 11.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the
firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness,
as the stars forever and ever.—DANIEL xii. 3.

I PRAISED the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky.

And moon and sun in answer said,
“Our days of light are numbered.”

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.

HEBER.

APRIL 12.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil.—PSALM xxiii. 4.

HARK ! a voice, it cries from heaven,
Happy in the Lord who die ;
Happy they to whom 't is given,
From a world of grief to fly.
They indeed are truly blessed,
From their labors then they rest.

KELLY.

APRIL 13.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown
of life.—REV. ii. 10.

HE came to the cross when his young cheek was
blooming,

And raised to the Lord the bright glance of
his eye ;

And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was
glooming,

The cross did uphold him, the Saviour was
nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended,

I wept, but they were not the tear-drops of
woe ;

The prayer of my soul that in fervor ascended,

Was, Lord when thou callest, like him may I
go.

APRIL 14.

That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,
but have eternal life.—JOHN iii. 15.

Oh, grieve not for him with the wildness of sor-
row,

As those who in hopeless despondency weep ;
From God's holy word consolation we borrow,
For souls who in Jesus confidingly sleep.

Lament not your loved one, but triumph the
rather,

To think of the promise, the prayer of the
Lamb ;

“ Your joy shall be full,” and “ I will, oh, my
Father !

That those whom Thou giv'st me may be where I
am.”

APRIL 15.

Know ye not that ye are of the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.—1 COR. iii. 18.

HE *consecrates*, and oh, how beautiful,
How lovely is the temple of the soul

When he performs this work. Our thoughts and
hopes

Mount upon seraph's wings; above the earth,
And with veiled faces, holy angels, like
Our thoughts, stand solemnly assembled round
The Lamb's high throne—God's glory fills the
soul.

APRIL 16.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness,
He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.—
PSALM cxii. 4.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The Christian pilgrim wends his way;
'Till when his steps are homeward bound,
And lest his weary feet should stray,

A light springs up—the lamp of love,
Fed by the gracious hand of God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
It points the way, and leads the soul.
Then let me not e'en darkness fear,
If such a glorious light be near.

APRIL 17.

Search the Scriptures.—JOHN v. 39.

GLANCE not with careless eye
The sacred pages o'er;
Nor lightly lay the volume by,
To think of it no more.

Search deeply, prayerfully;
There is no promise given
To those who will not strive t' obtain,
Admission into heaven.

APRIL 18.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect.

ROMANS viii. 33.

If at the Saviour's feet we lay
The heavy burthen of our sin,
The Lamb will take it all away—
The contrite heart He'll enter in.
This is the promise that we want,
"Ye shall be with me where I am;"
Thus we defy the tempter's taunt,
In humble faith, "behold the Lamb."

APRIL 19.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—JOB xix. 25.

GREAT God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

Oh, while He lives, my hopes shall live,
My soul cannot despair ;
Eternal life is His to give,
Why should I doubt or fear ?

APRIL 20.

We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ
ROMANS v. 1.

“ Peace,” was the song the angels sang,
When Jesus sought this vale of tears ;
And sweet that heavenly prelude rang,
To calm the watchful shepherd’s fears.

“ Peace,” was the prayer the Saviour breathed,
When from our world his steps withdrew ;
The gift He to his friends bequeathed,
With Calvary and the cross in view.

Redeemer ! with adoring love,
Our spirits take thy rich bequest ;
The watchword of the host above,
The passport to their realm of rest.

A P R I L 21.

Until the day dawn and the day-star arise.—2 PET. i. 19

THOU whom I love, the day-star of my sight,
When thy dear presence wakes me to delight ;
Joy in my soul unfolds her fairest flower,
But in thy heaven of smile alone it blooms ;
Born but to live within thy eye-beam's power,
When of its light deprived, in grief consumes.
Like storied plant, whose gaze from hour to hour,
Still to the sun with fond devotion turns ;
Wakes when creation hails its dawning power,
And most expands when most her idol burns.
But when he seeks the bosom of the deep,
His faithful plant's reflected charms decay ;

Then fade her flowers, her leaves discolored weep,
Still fondly pining for the vanished ray.

CAMOENS.

APRIL 22.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love
is perfected in us.—1 JOHN iv. 12.

THE love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age ;
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame, decays.

COWPER.

APRIL 23.

With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering,
forbearing one another in love.—EPH. iv. 2.

THE kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear ;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

COWPER.

APRIL 24.

[t is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption ;
it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in
weakness, it is raised in power ; it is sown a natural body,
it is raised a spiritual body.—1 COR. xv. 42, 43, 44.

THE flowers will tell to thee
A sacred mystic story ;
How moistened earthly dust
Can wear celestial glory.
On thousand moistened stems,
The loved inscription's given,
“ How beautiful is earth
When it can image heaven.”

RUCKART.

APRIL 25.

He giveth his beloved sleep.—PSALM cxxvii. 3.

OF all the thoughts of God which are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—

Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this,
“He giveth His beloved sleep?”

So friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, “Not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth His beloved sleep.”

BARRATT.

APRIL 26.

Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon him.—ISAIAH lv. 7.

FROM the sun's warmth and splendor,
May the calm planet rove;
How easy then for man
To wander from God's love.
Yet round the golden centre,
There lies the shining track,

And there's a way to duty,
From farthest error back.

RUCKART.

APRIL 27.

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.—REV. xxii. 5.

CLEAR fount of light ! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade ;
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee ;
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore,
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither love aspires there shall my dwelling be.

FRANCISCO DE ALDANO.

APRIL 28.

He only is my rock and my salvation ; He is my defence ;
I shall not be greatly moved.—PSALM lxii. 2.

TEACH us thy mandates to revere,
Wean our weak souls from things too dear ;
And if still rise the struggling tear,
 At thy decree,
Oh, let the spirit wearied here,
 Find rest in Thee.

APRIL 29.

Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.—MIC. ii. 10.

I THOUGHT that the course of the pilgrim to
heaven,
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as
the morn ;
Thou show'dst me the path ; it was dark and
uneven,
All rugged with rocks, and all tangled with
thorn.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from
woe,

But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below,
There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of
God.

APRIL 30.

Behold, God is mine helper ; the Lord is with them that
uphold my soul.—PSALM liv. 4.

We will not weep, we will not sigh,
God bids us suffer patiently ;
He wills it, and we care not why,
 But bless His name ;
He in His mercy's always nigh,
 Always the same.

Whate'er the cup thy hand shall fill,
Father, we own thy goodness still ;
Though pain and woe the spirit chill,
 Though one by one
Our earthly hopes decay, *thy* will,
 Not *ours*, be done.

M A Y 1.

And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—JOHN xvi. 22.

HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past, this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again.

MAY 2.

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.—PSALM ix. 9.

OTHER refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

They who know the Saviour's name,
Are for all events prepared ;
What can changes do to them,
Who have such a guide and guard ?

Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come ;
Every spot is holy ground—
God is there—and He 's their home.

NEWTON.

M A Y 3.

And they that know thy name will put their trust in Thee ; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee.—PSALM ix. 10.

With throbbing head, and heaving breast,
Saviour, I fly to Thee for rest ;
With trembling hands, and tottering feet,
I reach thy cross, my sole retreat.

Thy hands, once stretched upon the tree,
Are kindly offered now to me ;
My trembling hands with joy I 'll raise,
And lift them up in prayer and praise.

M A Y 4.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.
JOHN xiv. 27.

Is there a spell thy sorrow to assuage ?
There is, there is ; but seek it not from man ;
Seek for the healing balm in God's own page,
Read of thy Saviour's love, to Him repair ;

He looks with pity on thy guilty state ;
Kneel at His throne in deep and fervent prayer,
Kneel and repent, ere yet it be too late.

ABDY.

M A Y 5.

To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me
in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down
with my Father in his throne.—Rev. iii. 21.

ENCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

But Jesus, my Saviour, is nigh,
My foes He will help me to fight—
He shows to my languishing eye
A crown which is gloriously bright.

Then I 'll gird up the loins of my mind,
And press on my heavenly way,
To crosses and trials resigned,
I 'll strive but to watch and to pray.

M A Y 6.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying: neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.—REV. xxi. 4.

THERE is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven ;
There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye, ·
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

M A Y 7.

I know thy works ; behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it ; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name.—REV. iii. 8.

'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I his or am I not ?

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

M A Y 8.

But he that putteth his trust in me, shall possess the land, and shall inherit my holy mountain.—Is. lvii. 13.

WHEN this vain world with all its joys,
Seem to my soul but trifling toys,
When sickened by its glare, my heart
Turns, oh, my God ! to where thou art ;
With joy and love I bend the knee,
To tell thee that I trust in Thee.

When burthened with some bitter grief,
And here I vainly seek relief,
I love to find thy mercy-seat,
And lay my burden at thy feet.
Dear Saviour, thou my heart canst see,
Oh, tell me, do I trust in Thee ?

M A Y 9.

The righteous shall be an everlasting remembrance.
He shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed,
trusting in the Lord.—PSALM cxii. 6, 7.

“ My times are in thy hand,”
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

“ My times are in thy hand,”
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

“ My times are in thy hand,”
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father’s hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

M A Y 10.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—REV. vii. 14, 16, 17.

SAD pilgrim of Zion, though chastened awhile,
Through this dark vale of tears, hope still bids
thee to smile;
Far spent is thy night—see approaching the day,
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.
No tear of repentance, nor wave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall e'er darken the light of that
morn,
When thy sun sets no more, but forever shall shine,
Unsullied in beauty, in glory, divine.
White thy robe washed in blood, the price that
was given
To redeem thee from earth, and to raise thee to
heaven;

Oh, pilgrim, till then be thou instant in prayer;
Life's sorrows and pains thy Redeemer will bear !

M A Y 11.

Wait on the Lord and keep his way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.—PSALM xxxvii. 34, 25.

THE saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear ;
For when they least expect His aid,
The Saviour will appear.

This Abram found—he raised the knife,
God saw and said, “ Forbear ;
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life—
Behold the victim there ! ”

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in His word ;
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

COWPER.

MAY 12.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—PSALM cxxvi. 6.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?

Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?

Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?

Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.

'T is when the rose is wrapt in many a fold:

Close to its heart the worm is wasting there

Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled,

Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,

Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—

Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above:
The good begun by thee shall onward flow

In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,

Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine, in heaven's im-
mortal bowers.

M A Y 13.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear
not.—ISAIAH xxxv. 4.

WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials whelm the mind ;
When faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find :
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up thy trembling tear,
And hush the low, complaining sigh,
“ Fear not,” thy God is near.

When dark temptations spread their snares,
And earth with charms allures ;
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world's assault endures,

Then let thy Father's friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer ;
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice,
“Fear not,” thy God is near.

MAY 14.

He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust ; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.—PSALM xcii 4.

As the bird—its strength untried—
To its mother still would cling,
So, my Father, let me hide
Under thine almighty wing.
Chilled with worldliness, I turn
To thy kind, thy pitying breast ;
There, contentment let me learn,
There, oh, teach me *how* to rest !
May thy truth forever be
Shield and buckler unto me.

M A Y 15.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
—PSALM lv. 22.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin :
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Wash my conscience clean from guilt.

M A Y 16.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.
—ISAIAH xliii. 2.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word ;

What more can He say than to you He hath said,
Who, unto the Saviour, for refuge have fled ?
When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and make thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

MAY 17.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion,
which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the
mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is
round about His people from henceforth even forever
—PSALM cxxv. 1, 2.

If the Lord our leader be,
We may follow without fear ;
East or west, by land or sea,
Home with Him, is everywhere.

When from Esau Jacob fled,
Though his pillow was of stone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

Well does Jacob's ladder suit,
To the gospel throne of grace ;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Every hour, in every place.
By assuming flesh and blood,
Jesus heaven and earth unites ;
We by faith ascend to God,
God to dwell with us delights.

MAY 18.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.—JOB xix. 25, 26.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives—
What joy the blessed assurance gives ;
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

MAY 19.

And the Spirit and the bride say, come ; and let him that heareth say, come ; and let him that is athirst, come ; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—REV. xxii. 17.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall ;
Here a pure and healing fountain,
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here, the guilty, free remission,
Here, the troubled, *peace* may find ;
Health, this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

MAY 20.

Thy shoes shall be iron and brass ; and as thy days, so
shall thy strength be.—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful, I hear thy kind decree,
That, “ as my day, my strength shall be.”

MAY 21.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when
he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the
Lord has promised to them that love him.—JAMES i. 12.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my *all* shall be.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I 've sought, or hoped, or known ;

Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue.

Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Soon shall pass my pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

M A Y 22.

For with Thee is the fountain of life.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

AROUND thy throne, in peaceful streams,
O God ! celestial pleasure glides ;
The brightened wave thine image beams,
Untinged by sorrow's darkened tides.

That stream my fainting spirit cheers,
When sultry suns pour down their heat ;

And when I cross the vale of tears,
It makes the cup of sorrow sweet.

To Thee, the fountain-head, I rise ;
No joy below Thee soothes my mind ;
My spring of bliss is in the skies ;
My heaven in Thee alone I find.

MAY 23.

Beloved, think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you ; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings ; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.—1 PETER iv. 12, 13.

PILGRIM weary, lone and dreary,
Hast thou found the night ?
Onward while thy course pursuing,
Hast thou been thy strength renewing,
Or been cheered, by faintly viewing
Some fair beacon light ?

Oh, ye strangers, snares and dangers
Hourly have I met ;

Yet by foes unseen, surrounded,
And in many a conflict wounded,
I have never been confounded—
Christ is my light !

Endless pleasures, boundless treasures,
Shall the victor crown ;
Onward still his soul is flying,
On the Lord of life relying,
All the rage of hell defying,
Heaven will soon be won !

M A Y 24.

My times are in thy hand —PSALM xxxi. 15.

OH, let my trembling soul be still
While darkness veils the sky,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in mystery :
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee.

Thus, trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on ;
What though some cherished joys are fled,
Some flattering dreams are gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
Why should my spirit then complain ?

MAY 25.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.—1 COR. xv. 53.

Oh, weep not for the joys that fade,
Like evening lights, away ;
For hopes, that like the stars decayed,
Have left their mortal day ;
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given :
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits thy holy heart,
Amid the bower~~s~~ of heaven.

Oh, weep not for the joys that pass
Into the lonely grave ;

As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave ;
For, though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits thy holy heart,
Where friends rejoice in heaven.

MAY 26.

But I will sing of thy power ; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning ; for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.—Ps. lix. 16.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end.

'T is Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

M A Y 27.

Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.—
PSALM xxvii. 14.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee :
Laying hold upon His word,
“ As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace—
“ As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may’st see ;
This is still thy sweet relief,
“ As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

Rock of ages, I ’m secure,
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
“ As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

MAY 28.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray —JAMES v. 13.

THE breezes are cold, as from Cedron they blow,
And over Gethsemane quivering they go;
But Jesus regards not the chill of the air,
He came to Gethsemane's garden for prayer.

The hours of the night-shade pass sadly away,
And long is the time to the dawning of day;
But, though all be sadness, he lingers still there:
He came to Gethsemane's garden for prayer.

Thus Jesus prepared for that ocean of woe,
That soon, in its wrath, o'er his soul was to flow;
The dark scenes of pain he was strengthened to
bear,
He was heard, when those hours he devoted to
prayer.

My soul, when the tempest of sorrow is high,
O'erwhelmed with thy anguish, to God lift thy
cry,—

Oh, yield not thy thoughts to the woes of despair,
For God ever hears, and will answer thy prayer.

MAY 29.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God ; I will
make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.
PSALM lxxi. 16.

My Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
When will the growing number end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father—God.

When I am filled with sore distress,
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

MAY 30.

And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God.—ROMANS viii. 28.

Ah, why this disconsolate frame ?
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,
A sun in the gloomiest day ;
Though molten awhile in the fire,
'T is only the gold to refine ;
And be it my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

What can be the pleasures to me,
Which earth, in its fulness, can boast ?
Delusive, its vanities flee,
A flash of enjoyment at most ;
And if the Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies,
Ah ! why is so dear to my heart,
What He in his wisdom denies ?

Then let the rude tempest assail,
The blast of adversity blow,
The haven, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe ;
When safe on its beautiful strand,
I 'll smile on the billows that foam ;
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

MAY 31.

Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart,
all ye that hope in the Lord.—PSALM xxxi. 24.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night 's longest ;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor ;
The rest that remaineth will be forever.

Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee :

He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of eternity flows on forever.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth,
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ, nothing shall sever :
Mount when the work is done, and praise Him
forever.

JUNE 1.

For if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him.
2 Tim. ii. 12.

CHRIST had his sorrows, when he shed
His tears, O Palestine, for thee !
When all but weeping females fled,
In His dark hour of agony !
Christ had his sorrows, so must thou,
If thou wilt tread the path he trod :
O then, like him, submissive bow,
And love the sovereignty of God.

Christ had his joys, but they were not
The joys the son of pleasure boasts ;

O no, 'twas when His spirit sought
Thy will, thy glory, God of Hosts !
Christ had his joys, and so hath he
Who feels his spirit in his heart ;
Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art.

Christ had his friends ; his eye could trace
Through the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace,
The full reward of all his tears !
Christ had his friends, and his are thine,
If thou to Him hast bowed the knee ;
And where those ransomed millions shine,
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

JUNE 2.

For this God is our God forever and ever ; He will be
our guide even unto death.—Ps. xlviii. 14.

OH, most delightful hour, by man
Experienced here below,

The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe.

Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again, life's dreary waste,
To see again my days o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

My home henceforth is in the skies—
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu,
All heaven unfolded to mine eyes,
I have no sight for you.

So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod ;
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

JUNE 3.

In God have I put my trust ; I will not be afraid what
man can do unto me.—PSALM lvi. 11.

PILGRIM, is thy journey drear,
Are its lights extinct forever ?

Still suppress the rising fear—
God forsakes the righteous never.

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever,
Still amid the fearful scath,
God forsakes the righteous never.

JUNE 4.

The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered.—ROMANS viii. 26.

WHENE'ER to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?

What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,

Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

Let thy kind spirit in my heart,
Forever dwell, O God of love ;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

STEELE

JUNE 5.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 COR. x. 13.

In themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand ?
When temptations, foes and storms,
Press them close on every hand ?

Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace ;
And the God who answers prayer,
Helps them when they seek his face.

Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succor they at length obtain ;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits ;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.

JUNE 6.

In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness
and in confidence shall be your strength.—Is. xxx. 15.

DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand’ring sheep ;
False to my vows, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.

Now let me be by grace restored,
To me thy mercy shown ;
Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Give what I should have long implored,
A taste of love unknown ;
Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

JUNE 7.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.—1 JOHN iii. 2.

CHILDREN of God, who travelling slow,
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true :

Why move ye thus with lingering tread,
A doubtful, mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

The Lord of light, though veiled awhile
He hide his noon-tide ray,

Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile,
To gild the closing day.

Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove ;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh, wake thy heart to love.

J U N E 8.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—Ps. xxiii. 1.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though
I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured, my cup runneth
o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head,
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more !

JUNE 9.

In the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion,
in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ; He
shall set me up upon a rock.—PSALM xxvii. 5.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain :
He feels my griefs, He sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

JUNE 10.

And lo, I am with you always.—MATT. xxviii. 20.

AND thou art here—this closet folds
Not shadow, but the form I love ;

The same who, interceding, holds
My wants before the throne above.

JUNE 11.

The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid ?—PSALM xxvii. 1.

Ah, why by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract my breast ?
Turn, turn to Him in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain ;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

JUNE 12.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.—PSALM xxxiv. 18.

WHEN art thou nigh to me, my God ?
When art thou nigh to me ;

Is it when I feel thy chastening rod,
When my tears fall fast on the grassy sod,
Which hides what I may not see ?
Oh, welcome the dart which wounds my breast,
When it comes from Him who can give me rest.

JUNE 13.

Oh, that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away and be at rest.—PSALM lv. 6.

I AM weary of straying, oh, fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever have fled.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love ;
Oh, when shall I rest in thy presence above—
I am weary, but still let me never repine
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise
are mine.

JUNE 14.

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me ; yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.—PSALM xlii. 7, 8.

WHEN sailing on this troubled sea
Of pain, and tears, and agony,
Though wildly roar the waves around
With restless and repeated sound,
'T is sweet to think that on our eyes
A lovelier clime shall yet arise ;
That we shall wake from sorrow's dream,
Beside a pure and living stream.

JUNE 15.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.—HEBREWS xii. 11.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,

I hear and bow beneath the rod,
To Him with penitence I mourn.
Oh, give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin,
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may dread thy fearful power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

JUNE 16.

Call upon me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee,
and thou shalt glorify me.—PSALM l. 15.

WHEN vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies—
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When, sorrowing o'er some stone, I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,

And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus, dead.

And oh ! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

JUNE 17.

When thou art in tribulation, if thou turn unto the Lord thy God, he will not forsake thee ; the Lord thy God is a merciful God, He will not forsake thee.—DEUT. iv. 30, 31.

WHY that look of sadness ?
Why that downcast eye ?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high ?

Oh, thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given,
All His grace to prove.

Is thy burdened spirit
Agonized for sin ?
Think of Jesus' merit—
He can make thee clean ;
Think of Calvary's mountain,
Where His blood was spilt ;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

Is thy spirit drooping ?
Is the tempter near ?
Still, in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear ?
Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on.
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

JUNE 18.

O God, thou art my God ; early will I seek Thee : my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.—Ps. lxiii. 1.

OH, wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in thy spirit descend,
And set up in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end !

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know ;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
In mercy establish below.

Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with affection like thine.

JUNE 19.

And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. So, when they had rowed about five and twenty, or thirty furlongs, they saw Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship ; and they were afraid ; but He saith unto them, It is I, be not afraid.—JOHN vi. 18, 19, 20.

THOU that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
Oh, send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,
Speak—speak to passion's raging tide—
Speak, and say, “ Peace, be still.”

JUNE 20.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.—PSALM cxlvii. 3.

OH, thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,

If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends who, in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And, he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

JUNE 21.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—REV. iii. 20.

In the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom door ;
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore.

Say not 't is thy *pulse's* beating,
'T is thy heart of sin ;
'T is thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise and let me in.

Death comes down with equal footstep,
To the hall and hut ;
Think you death will stand a-knocking,
When the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast ;
Grieved, at length away He turneth,
Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand entreating,
Christ to let *thee* in ;
At the door of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But—He knows thee not.

JUNE 22.

What agreement hath the temple of God with idols ?
for ye are the temple of the living God ; and as God
hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them : and I
will be their God, and they shall be my people.—2 Cor.
vi. 16.

WE toil for earth, its shadowy veil
 Envelop soul and thought,
And hides that discipline and life,
 Within our being wrought.

We chain the thought, we shroud the soul,
 And backward turn our glance,
When onward should its vision be,
 And upward its advance.

And never may the spirit turn
 From that effulgent ray ;
It lives forever in the glare
 Of an eternal day.

Lives in that penetrating light,
 A kindred glow to raise,
Or every withering sin to trace,
 Within its searching blaze.

Few, few the shapely temple rear
For God's abiding place—
That mystic temple, where no sound
Within the hallowed space
Reveals the skill of builder's hand ;
Yet with a silent care,
That holy temple riseth up,
And God is dwelling there.

MISS SMITH.

JUNE 23.

He maketh peace in thy borders.—PSALM cxlvii. 14.

WHEN joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too !

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above ?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

JUNE 24.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed.—Ps. lvii. 7.
THOUGH born in this desert, and doomed by my birth,
To pain and affliction, to darkness and death,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that fixed on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

JUNE 25.

My beloved is mine and I am his ; He feedeth among the lilies.—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 16.
OH Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction, I call ;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or, alone in the wilderness, rove ?

JUNE 26.

I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished
every sorrowful soul.—JER. xxxi. 25.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the
gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution
depart,
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of
heart.

JUNE 27.

Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.
1 PETER ii. 7.

If asked what of Jesus I think,
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, "He's my meat and my drink,"
My life, and my strength, and my store,
My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

JUNE 28.

There is, therefore, now, no condemnation to them
which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh,
but after the Spirit.—ROMANS viii. 1.

Begone, unbelief !
My Saviour is near ;
And, for my relief,
Will surely appear.

By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.

His love in time past,
Forbids me to think,
He 'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

JUNE 29.

For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away ; but the word of the Lord endureth forever.—1 PETER i. 24, 25.

SHOULD they who are dearest, the child of thy heart,
The friend of thy bosom, in sorrow depart ;

"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the
tomb,

To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

If the friend who, embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each
woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
arrayed,

"Look aloft," to the friendship which never shall
fade.

JUNE 30.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art
thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God, for I shall
yet praise Him for the help of his countenance.—PSALM
xlii. 5.

BE still, my heart—these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares—
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?

And has He not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

NEWTON.

JUNE 31.

Hear my cry, O God ! attend unto my prayer ; for thou hast been a shelter for me.—PSALM lxi. 1, 3.

DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which, of itself, complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power ;
Oh, make me thy beloved abode,
And let me rove no more.

COWPER.

JULY 1.

And confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth —HEB. xi. 13.

At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come !

Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way."

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below ;
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou—thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

JULY 2.

Whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from
the Lord.—2 COR. v. 6.

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptations like billows may
foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at
home.

JULY 3.

For yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.—HEB. x. 37.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken,
She is a widow—she is old and poor :
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er.

But Faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her ; death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow.

PERCIVAL.

JULY 4.

They heard a voice from heaven, saying, Come up hither.—REV. xi. 12.

'T WAS thus at twilight's hallowed hour,
The angel's lay came down,

Like dews upon the sick'ning flower
When droughts of summer frown :
How sweet upon the ambient air
Swelled out their music free !
Oh, when the pangs of death I bear,
Sing ye that song to me.

JULY 5.

And when He had sent the multitude away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray ; and when evening was come, He was there alone.—MATT. xiv. 23

“ONE hour with Thee, my God !” when sunset glows,
In golden splendor upon lake and hill ;
“One hour with Thee, my God !” when twilight throws
Her silver shadow over lawn and rill.

Fain would I send the multitude away—
Like Jesus seek the mountain’s solitude ;
There would I sing His love—there kneel and pray,
And feast my starving soul on angel’s food.

JULY 6.

Thou tellest my wanderings ; put thou my tears into thy bottle : are they not in thy book ?—Ps. lvi. 8.

WHEN from the “new and living way,”
My erring footsteps heedless stray,
Thine eye beholds my wandering steps,
Thy book the fearful record keeps.
But when all-tearful I return,
And all my devious ways I mourn,
Oh, may those tears recorded too,
Hide the sad record from thy view.

JULY 7.

Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

SWEET promise made to pilgrims here,
Who fearful tread this wilderness ;
Where'er we roam our guide is near,
To point us to the path of peace.

When all this troubled dream is o'er,
And earth is fleeing from my sight,
Oh, Saviour, guide me to that shore,
Where grief and pain are known no more ;
Where day is never dimmed by night.

JULY 8.

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth
every son whom he receiveth.—HEB. xii. 6.

YE fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
. He hides a smiling face.

JULY 9.

I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.—HEB. xiii. 5.

THOUGH rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home apace to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through ;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

JULY 10.

When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples.—JOHN xviii. 1.

THE calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,

And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

Thus, like the Nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness to her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

COWPER.

JULY 11.

For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man ;
but I see another law in my members warring against
the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to
the law of sin which is in my members.—ROMANS vii. 22,
23.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within !
A stable peace, a constant strife ;
The rule of grace, the power of sin :

Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.

I prize the privilege of prayer,
But oh, what backwardness to pray !
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day ;—
I seek His will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gathered saints :
Sweet day, of all the week the best,
For its return my spirit pants ;
Yet often through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

Thus diff'rent powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail ;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale :
But Jesus has his promise passed,
. That grace shall overcome at last.

NEWTON.

JULY 12.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

THE ransomed of God shall return to him,
With a chorus of joy to an angel's lay ;
With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,
For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Oh, then lift the hands that are hanging down,
And arouse thy fainting frame ;
Pilgrim, for thee there's a glorious crown,
And recorded on high is thy name.

JULY 13.

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.
PSALM cxxx. 1.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky :

Out of the depths to Thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm :
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves—say, Peace, be still.

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

JULY 14.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.
PSALM xlii. 2.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things ;

And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from Thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle and the rose.

JULY 15.

Casting all your care upon Him who careth for you
1 PETER v. 7.

“ Simply follow as I lead,
Do not reason, but believe ;
Call on me in time of need,
Thou shalt surely help receive.”

Lord, I would, I do submit,
Gladly yield my all to Thee ;
What thy wisdom seems most fit,
Must be surely best for me.

Only where the way is rough,
And the coward flesh would start,
Let thy promise and thy love
Cheer and animate my heart.

JULY 16.

Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine
acquaintance into darkness.—PSALM lxxx. 18.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids the silent tear to flow ;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same, unvaried tale ;
I 've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me and loves me too ;
I start—and when the vision's flown—
I weep that I am all alone !

JULY 17.

He knoweth our frame : He remembereth that we are dust.—PSALM ciii. 14.

MUCH did she suffer ; but if any friend,
Beholding her condition, at the sight
Gave way to words of pity or complaint,
She stilled them. * * * * *

He who afflicts me knows what
I can bear.

JULY 18.

When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.—PSALM xxvii. 10.

BUT art thou thus indeed alone,
Quite unbefriended—all unknown ?
And hast thou then His love forgot,
Who formed thy frame, and fixed thy lot ?

Is not His voice in evening's gale ;
Beams not with Him the stars so pale ;

Is there a leaf can fade or die,
Unnoticed by His watchful eye ?

Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,
Each lowly sigh, each silent tear,
To thine almighty friend is known,
And say'st thou, thou art all alone ?

J U L Y 19.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so
them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.
—1 THESS. iv. 14.

BEHOLD the bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay !
Heard ye the sobs of parting breath ?
Marked ye the eye's last ray ?
No ;—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss ;

Bury the dead :—in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth the cross:
And from the grave their dust shall rise
In His own image to the skies.

JULY 20.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.—ROMANS viii. 28.

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists,—one only ;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to *good*.
Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world !
Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart,
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine.

J U L Y 21.

Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
MATT. vi. 10.

IT is a short and simple prayer,
But 't is the Christian's stay
Through every varied scene of care,
Until his dying day.
As through the wilderness of life
Calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife,
Is still, "*Thy will be done.*"

J U L Y 22.

At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto Thee, be
cause of thy righteous judgments.—Ps. cxix. 62.

To Thee, all-glorious, ever-blessed power,
I consecrate this silent midnight hour;
While solemn darkness covers all the sky,
And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumber lie,

Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
And every thought with gratitude inflame
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart—
Health to my flesh and comfort to my heart.
Oh, may my prayers before thy throne arise,
An humble but accepted sacrifice ;
And when Thou shalt my weary eyelids close,
And to my body grant a safe repose,
May my eternal guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head !
Grant, of celestial light, some piercing beams
To bless my sleep, and sanctify my dreams.

JULY 23.

All thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and thy saints
shall bless Thee.—Ps. cxlv. 10.

My God ! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and Thou the day ;
In every scene Thy hands have dressed,
In every form by Thee impressed,

Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or when the sheltering woods are spread,
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise and love.

JULY 24.

And they shall look upon me whom they have pierced.
ZECHARIAH xii. 10.

SWEET the moments—rich in blessing—
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I 'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;

Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

JULY 25.

I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.—
JOHN ix. 4.

UP, Christian, up! thy cares resign;
The past, the future, are not thine;
Show forth to-day thy Saviour's praise,
Redeem the course of evil days;
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb.

JULY 26.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day.—EPH. vi. 13.

THERE is a battle to be fought,
An up-hill race to run;
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne ;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

JULY 27.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him ;
upon them that hope in His mercy.—Ps. xxxiii. 18.

IN each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferred by Thee.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned when storms by sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The low'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on Thee.

JULY 28.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.—PROV. xxii 9.

WAKE thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the
night

When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earthborn charm unnerve thee
quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might,
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest.

WILCOX.

JULY 29.

God is able to make all grace abound towards you, that ye always, having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—2 COR. ix. 8.

SOME high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,

Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray heaven for *firmness* thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,
Strength to contemplate, and with delight re-
view,
And grace to give the praise where all is
ever due.

JULY 30.

The righteous shall go away into life eternal.
MATT. xxv. 46.

Is there no hand to point me out the place,
Is there no tongue to tell me of the shore
Where I may end this weary, mortal race,
And sink to rest when fitful life is o'er?
Where shall I find the path? how shall I trace
The way that leads to peace for evermore;
My spirit folds her wings—an answer's given,
A hand points upward, and a voice says, "heav-
en."

JULY 31.

An entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—2 PETER i. 11.

IN vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven ;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace,
There 's nothing good but heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

AUGUST 1.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord.—2 COR. v. 6.

My home is in Heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near;

Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus's breast.

AUGUST 2.

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,
which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at
that day ; and not to me only but to all them also that
love His appearing.—2 TIM. iv. 8.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu ;
A nobler choice be mine ;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in Thee, in thee alone
True, wealth and honor meet.

AUGUST 3.

Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.—PSALM cxix. 165.

DELUSIVE world, farewell !

By grief and sin distressed,
On one delightful thought I dwell
That thou art not my rest !

No longer canst thou fill,
False world, this peaceful breast,
No more thy frowns my comforts kill,
Since Jesus is my rest.

E. M.

AUGUST 4.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead them that are with young.—ISAIAH xl. 11.

I LOVE my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep.

He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

Be Thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide ;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

AUGUST 5.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my
love.—JOHN xv. 10.

JESUS, the life, the truth, the way,
In whom I now believe ;
As taught by Thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

Forgive, and make my nature whole ;
My inbred malady remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

AUGUST 6.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.—Ps. xxv. 10.

PEACE has unveiled her smiling face,
And woos thy soul to her embrace ;
Enjoyed with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love, else sought in vain.
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

GUION.

AUGUST 7.

The Lord taketh pleasure in His people ; He will beautify the meek with his salvation.—Ps. cxlix. 4.

My Father knows my feeble frame,
He knows how poor a worm I am,
Untold he knows it all :
The least temptation seems to draw
My footsteps from my Father's law
And make me slide and fall.

O Love divine! eternal source
Of good to man! I mark thy course,
I mark it with delight;
To Bethlehem I follow thee,
And there the wondrous babe I see,
A cheering, glorious sight.

KELLY.

AUGUST 8.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
whose hope is in the Lord his God.—Ps. cxlvii. 5.

THOU who didst form us with mysterious powers,
Didst give a conscious soul and call it ours,
'T is thou alone who know'st the strife within;
Thou 'lt kindly judge nor name each weakness sin.
Thou art not man who only sees in part,
Yet deals unsparing with a brother heart;
For Thou look'st in upon the struggling throng
That war, the good with ill, the weak with strong.
And those thy hand hath wrought of finer frame,
When grief o'erthrows the mind, Thou wilt not
blame.

"It is enough!" Thou 'lt say, and pity show;
"Thy pain shall turn to joy, thou child of woe!
Thy heart find rest—thy dark mind clear away,
And thou sit in the peace of heaven's calm day.

DANA.

AUGUST 9.

It is good for me to draw near to God.—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

THE soul that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all.

Keep close to me thou helpless sheep,
 The Shepherd softly cries ;
Lord, tell me what 't is close to keep,
 The listening sheep replies.

Thy whole dependence on me fix ;
 Nor entertain a thought,
Thy worthless scheme with mine to mix,
 But venture to be naught.

Fond self-direction is a shelf;
Thy strength and wisdom flee:
When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to me.

HART.

AUGUST 10.

For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.—EPH. ii. 18.

WHAT condescension ! gracious God,
In thee to lend thine ear,
To worms who merit but thy rod,
And well thy wrath might fear.

Oh, Father ! love is in thine eye
And pity in thy baeast,
For grace thy suppliants hourly cry—
O give the weary rest.

M.

AUGUST 11.

Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts
shall be established.—Prov. xvi. 3.

YIELD to the Lord with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be forever thine;
Behold the paths the saints have trod,
The paths which led them home to God.

GUION.

AUGUST 12.

Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.—EPH. ii. 19.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest,
Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

AUGUST 13.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.—HEB. xii. 6.

Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod ;
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

AUGUST 14.

They desire a better country, that is an heavenly ; wherefore, God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city.—HEB. xi. 16.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,*

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

AUGUST 15.

God so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—JOHN iii. 16.

OH how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unincumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.

Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quicken words—Believe and live !

COWPER.

AUGUST 16.

Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.—EPH. vi. 11.

JESUS my king proclaims the war ;
Awake, the powers of hell are near !
“ To arms, to arms !” I hear him cry,
“ ‘Tis yours to conquer or to die.”

Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around ;
Make haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
The word of God the sword I wield :
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

AUGUST 17.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—EPH. vi. 12.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on,
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great captain's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross
And sung the triumph when he rose.

AUGUST 18.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 COR. iv. 18.

No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue ;

O happiness, not to be found !

Unattainable treasure, adieu !

I have sought thee in splendor and dress,

In the regions of pleasure and taste ;

I have sought thee, and seemed to possess,

But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope

The voice of true wisdom inspires :

'T is sufficient, if peace be the scope,

And the summit of all our desires.

COWPER.

AUGUST 19.

I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.
PSALM xvii. 15.

To Jesus the crown of my hope,

My soul is in haste to be gone ;

O bear me, ye cherubim, up,

And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power ;

Dissolve Thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

COWPER.

AUGUST 20.

For he maketh sore, and bindeth up ; He woundeth and his hands make whole.—JOB v. 18.

In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven :
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

E. P.

AUGUST 21.

Be content with such things as ye have.—HEB. xiii. 5.

TURN, Pilgrim, turn : thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong,
Man wants but little here below ;
Nor wants that little long.

AUGUST 22.

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle
were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not
made with hands, eternal in the heavens —2 COR. v. 1.

THERE is my house, my portion fair;
My kindred and my friends are there,
And my abiding home :
For me, my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

AUGUST 23.

For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him.—GENESIS xviii. 19.

How large the promise, how divine,

To Abraham and his seed !

“I’ll be a God to thee and thine,

Supplying all their need.”

Our God ! how faithful are his ways !

His love endures the same ;

Nor from the promise of his grace,

Blots out the children’s name.

AUGUST 24.

Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—GAL. vi. 7.

Oh sow not to the flesh, for soon

This body must decay,

But cast thy seed where it will spring
Up into endless day.

Be diligent, for life is short,
Seed-time will soon be o'er,
So sow that ye may gather in
Your sheaves on Canaan's shore.

AUGUST 25.

That I might rest in the day of trouble.—HEB. iii. 16.

OH had I wings like yonder bird,
That soars above its downy nest,
I'd fly away unseen, unheard,
Where I might be for aye at rest.

I'd fly—but not to scenes below,
Though ripe with every promised bliss ;
For what's the world ?—a garnished show—
A decorated wilderness.

There would I rest beneath that throne,
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky ;
Where sits Jehovah, who alone
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

WEIR.

AUGUST 26.

Thy will be done.—MATT. vi. 10.

MOURNERS, who linger in a world of woe,
Each bowing 'neath his separate load of grief,
Turn from the silent tomb, and, kneeling low
Before that throne at which the angels bow,
Invoke a God of mercy for relief !

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,
To that far world where blessed souls are gone,
And, through the gathering sob of agony,
Raise, with a voice resigned, the humble cry,
“ Father—Creator—Lord—thy will be done !”

NORTON.

AUGUST 27.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.
ISAIAH lv. 1.

COME to the waters ! though thy heart be gushing
With childhood's spirits unrepressed by pain,
And the fresh tide of life be freely rushing,
Like mountain streamlets, through the youthful
vein.

Come to the waters ! though life's path be dreary,
And earth's allurements no delight can give ;
Lay down thy burden, traveller worn and weary,
Lay down the oppressive burden, drink and live !

EARLE.

AUGUST 28.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
PROVERBS xviii. 24.

IF wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;

He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

GRANT.

AUGUST 29.

Looking unto Jesus.—HEB. xii. 2.

O THOU who art our life !
Be with us through the strife ;
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed ?
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

AUGUST 30.

For consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.—HEB. xii. 3.

IT was no path of flowers
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread :

And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

ANON.

AUGUST 31.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.
ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

Its walls are built of precious stones,
Its streets are laid with purest gold,
And all the splendors of their King,
Its blest inhabitants behold.

'T is there the glories of the Lamb
In rich effulgence cloudless shine,
And burning seraphs humbly sing,
His greatness and His grace divine.

There He displays His matchless love
To those once purchased by his blood,
Their likeness still He deigns to wear,
Their "elder brother" and their God.

SEPTEMBER 1.

The harvest is past and the summer is ended.
JEREMIAH viii. 20.

THUS when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye; .
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene,
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having lived to thee, *with* thee to die.

BARBAULD.

SEPTEMBER 2.

For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face
to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know
even as also we are known.—1 COR. xiii. 13.

SWEET visions these which cheer our way,
And lead our weary spirits on,

Like sunbeams in a wintry day,
So bright, so beautiful are they,
But oh ! so quickly gone.

But faith shall shortly yield to sight,
And we shall gain that pleasant land,
Shall tread those boundless fields of light,
Drink of that stream of pure delight,
And near our Saviour stand.

SEPTEMBER 3.

He hath poured out His soul unto death : and He was numbered with the transgressors, and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.
—ISAIAH liii. 12.

'T is midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears,
E'en the disciple that He loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'T is midnight—and for others' guilt,
The man of sorrows weeps in blood,

Yet He who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His Lord.

'T is midnight--and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know,
Unheard by mortals are the strains,
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

S E P T E M B E R 4.

Continuing instant in prayer.—ROMANS xii. 12.

I FIND myself a feeble worm,
With ills encircled round,
And from the frequent gathering storm
No sheltering spot is found,
Until I reach the place of prayer
And find my safety centred there.

Temptations rise on every side,
Around, without, within—
And oft my treacherous steps would slide
Into the paths of sin ;

But that I find the power of prayer,
To keep my feet from every snare.

Oft as before His throne I bend,
So holy and so high,
I think,—and will He condescend
To hear my humble cry ?

But as my soul ascends in prayer,
I find I am—I *am* his care.

Oh ! let me live to praise and pray,
All the short hours that I may live,
Still giving back to God each day,
That which He kindly deigns to *give* ;
Each day, each hour, pass on in prayer,
Till heaven is mine, and I am there.

SEPTEMBER 5.

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my
change come.—JOB xiv. 14.

BE still, my longing soul, be still,
Nor suffer one impatient thought.

Prefer, prefer the holy will,
Of Him who all thy blessings bought.

Yes, bought them with His precious blood,
And gave thy glorious *hope* to thee,
An anchor in thy weariness,
A pledge of blest eternity.

Wait, humbly wait, until His voice,
Shall gently bid thee "Upward come,
Thy work is done, thy victory won,
And sister spirits waft thee home."

SEPTEMBER 6.

Oh, Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all
the earth —PSALM viii. 1.

Above, around, on every hand,
We meet the tokens of Thy grace,
And hear the whisperings of thy love
And mercy to our fallen race.

Father! help us with humble hearts,
Thyself in all thy works to see,

And with adoring gratitude
Devote our souls, our all to Thee.

SEPTEMBER 7.

Having food and raiment let us be therewith content.
1 TIMOTHY vi. 8.

If the Lord should to me, in his purposes wise,
Deny what to others he largely supplies ;
If his hand should be open or shut, be it mine
To mark with contentment his gracious design.

How faithful was Paul unto death ! yet to him
The cup of life's evils was full to the brim :
No sigh for more comfort—no murmur he vented,
But with food and with raiment he rested contented.

And shall I, who have far more than he had in store,
Go sighing, repining, and wishing for more ?
Oh ! no, let me nothing so earnestly crave,
As a sanctified use of the blessings I *have*.

SEPTEMBER 8.

Who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.—2 Tim. i. 10.

AND darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

SEPTEMBER 9.

That they all may be one ; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us ; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.—JOHN xvii. 21.

YET are they not one body ! Skeptic, learn,
 Divided though they be,

Still with one spirit all the pious burn,
As *one* they bend the knee
To God in Christ, one hope divine is theirs,
Oh ! there is *unity* in good men's prayers.

For the one church is not the aggregate
Of churches or of sects,
But of the faithful those whose happy state
Each with the Head connects.
Oh ! come the day when every sect shall fall,
And Christ, the living Head, be *all in all*.

SEPTEMBER 10.

The time is short.—1 COR. vii. 29.

SOON shall the dream of life be o'er,
Soon shalt thou triumph o'er the tomb,
And stand delighted on the shore
Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom.

There, like a glittering star on high,
All pure and bright thy soul shall shine,

And 'midst the glories of the sky
Proclaim the power of grace divine.

SEPTEMBER 11.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity ; these three, but
the greatest of these is charity.—1 COR. xiii. 13.

SPIRIT of love ! thou heavenly guest !
 Make thy abode with me,
And let me feel that all my breast
 Is filled with charity ;
Be ever mine the inward glow
Which prompts the pitying tear to flow.

Should heaven be pleased to bless my store,
 And let me spread the feast ;
Unbar my heart, unbar my door,
 To feed the hungry guest ;
Nor bid the gay and thoughtless train,
That they in turn bid me again.

But if for bread through every day,
 Of all life's painful road,

'T is mine to toil as well as pray,
In poverty's abode :
To charity's sweet spirit true,
I'll *wish* the good I cannot *do*.

Oh ! loveliest of the lovely three
That lead us to the throne !
Where faith and hope shall cease to be
And thou shalt shine alone ;
That I may fitting guest appear,
Fill me with all thy fulness *here*.

SEPTEMBER 12.

Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children,
and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house,
and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou
liest down, and when thou risest up.—DEUT. vi. 7.

For who may scan what holy seed
• In infant hearts is sown,
Until that awful book they read
Before the Judge's throne.

Which spreading wide, a flaming scroll,
When skies and seas depart,
Unfolds each secret of the soul,
And crowns the pure in heart.

SEPTEMBER 13.

Darkness shall cover the earth, but the Lord shall arise
upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.—
ISAIAH lx. 2.

EACH summer morning clear and fair
To me a beauteous emblem seems,
Of that long-promised day when Truth
Shall gild creation with its beams,
When gospel light o'er earth shall spread,
And wake from sin's deep sleep, the dead.

Haste, glorious day, thy coming haste,
Earth's fearful darkness quick dispel,
E'en now thine early beams we trace,
And soon the angel's song will tell
Of Love's bright banner all unsurled
O'er this redeemed, rejoicing world.

SEPTEMBER 14.

In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made unto God.—
PHIL. iv. 6.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

SEPTEMBER 15.

We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.
1 JOHN iii. 16.

—My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, “I will !”

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My *Saviour* stood before mine eyes !
He spake, and my poor name he named—
“ Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me.”

SEPTEMBER 16.

From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
PSALM XC. 2.

O THOU, who redeemest the weak one at length,
And scourgest the strong in the pride of his strength,
Who holdest the earth and the sea in thine hand,
And rulest eternity’s shadowy land,—

To Thee let our thoughts and our offerings tend,
Of virtue the hope—and of sorrow the friend,—
Let the incense of prayer still ascend to thy
throne,—

Omnipotent—Glorious—Eternal, alone.

SEPTEMBER 17.

Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved,
humbleness of mind.—COL. iii. 12.

OH ! that upon my heart might roll,
That deep humility of soul,
Which made the good, the gifted Paul,
Himself the chief of sinners call :
To teach me that of right I claim
Nothing as mine, but sin and shame :
Oh ! that I all myself might see,
And clothe me in humility.

If I could look beyond the skies,
And hear the songs of seraphs rise,
In higher yet, and higher tone,
Until they reach the beaming throne ;
And then the wondrous distance scan,
Between them and my fellow-man,
And I, the least of these,—'t would be
To plunge me in humility.

It needs not this, for well I know
How cold my love, my course how slow,
How deaf the sweetest calls to hear,
That ever fell on mortal ear ;
Yet when I reach the lowest cell,
Where humble sinners love to dwell,
The lovelier then the grace will be,
Of true and deep humility.

SEPTEMBER 18.

The days of thy mourning shall be ended.—Is. lx 20

THERE shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all ;
And I shall be with him.

SEPTEMBER 19.

Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault, between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee thou hast gained thy brother.—
MATT. xviii. 15.

THY brother's fault—what has it been ?

Some trifling or unmeaning act :

He did not mean to sin.

His heart is not so callous grown,

But that he yet may feel ;

Perhaps one word, to him alone,

May all the trouble heal.

Thy brother's fault ! oh ! hush the sound :

Who lives that has not faults betimes ?

Art thou all faultless found ?

Weep ! pour a flood of bitter tears

Over thy brother's sin ;

And *ere thou poison other ears,*

Go thou and speak to him !

SEPTEMBER 20.

Thou hast the dew of thy youth.—PSALM cx. 3.

SWEET is the early dew
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly glittering drops ;
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

Sweet is the opening flower
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day and every hour
Fresh beauties will assume ;
But sweeter that young heart
Where faith, and love and peace,
Blossom and bloom in every part
With sweet and varied grace.

SEPTEMBER 21.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—JOHN viii. 36.

SPIRIT of Charity ! Dispense
Thy grace to every heart ;
Expel all other spirits thence,
Drive self from every part.
Oh ! Charity divine ! draw nigh,
And break the chains in which we lie.
All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot ;
They boast of liberty in vain,
Of love, and feel it not.
He, whose bosom glows with thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

SEPTEMBER 22.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—LUKE i. 46, 47.

To Thee my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings,

Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings.
I 'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

By Thee through life supported,
I 'll pass the dangerous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted
Up to thy bright abode.
There cast my crown before Thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee ;
What could an angel more ?

SEPTEMBER 23.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.—PROV. xvi. 31.

AND even when upon the brow
Are seen the scattered locks of snow
Which speak of life's decline ;

If grace has grown with growing years,
How beautiful old age appears,
How all the virtues shine.

A halo of celestial light,
All purely and serenely bright,
Surrounds the sacred head ;
Pen may not sketch, nor fancy paint
The honors of the aged saint,
If wisdom's paths he tread.

SEPTEMBER 24.

God is love.—1 JOHN iv. 8.

I KNOW thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings ;

Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

SEPTEMBER 25.

Lo ! I am with you always.—MATT. xxviii. 20.

OH ! thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord ! How full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime,
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Ah ! then to His embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

GUION.

SEPTEMBER 26.

And He said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—LUKE ix. 23.

SORROW and love go side by side ;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands ;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded bands.

Jesus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
The cross have ever borne !
Oh ! tell me,—life is in thy voice,—
How much afflictions were thy choice, .
And sloth and ease thy scorn !

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze !
To take the cross and follow Thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

SEPTEMBER 27.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—ROMANS xii. 15.

BENEVOLENCE, whose lovely ray
Spreads o'er the gloom of life a smile ;
Let thy sweet influence gild my way,
And light my weary steps the while ;
Still as I tread life's round be near,
To cheer the fainting heart, and dry the mourner's
tear.

When the pale sufferer, worn with grief,
Comes seeking for my small relief,

May he be never sent away
With "Come some more convenient day."
But let me think of Him who said,
"They come from far, and have no bread."

Oh! let me *never* cease to know
The pulse that throbs at others' woe;
Nor let my cheek be cold and dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
But let my heart and hand dispense
Thy blessings, sweet benevolence.

SEPTEMBER 28.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then
Thou knewest my path.—PSALM cxlii. 3.

My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee Father,—sweet endearing name,
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel,
But oh ! this thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to Thee.

SEPTEMBER 29.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.
—MATT. v. 44.

LIVE to do good ; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done ;
Remember Him who died for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected One ;
When He was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do naught but good, for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, for wrong returning love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above ;

Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only, weak.

G. W. B.

SEPTEMBER 30.

Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—JAMES i. 4.

WHEN affliction's hand shall press me,
When my foes or friends distress me,
When the hopes I fondly cherished,
By some withering touch hath perished,
Patience ! chase complaint away,
With thy soft, pervading ray.

When the help of man is vain
To relieve disease and pain ;
When the thorn is in the flesh,
Nor cordials soothe, nor sleep refresh,
Patience ! kind physician, stay,
Chase my murmurs all away.

When in time of deepest need,
Longing for the Friend indeed ;

When his face I cannot see,
Or hear the whisper, "Trust in me;"
Patience! cheer me, till the day
Dawn, and drive my doubts away.

When I sigh to break my chain,
Feeling that "to die is gain,"
If He still delays to come,
And convey my spirit home,
Patience! in *those* moments stay
Till He wipe my tears away.

OCTOBER 1.

Oh, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.—PSALM cxix. 97.

I LOVE to rise at early day,
While all is hushed and still,
And hear my Saviour kindly say,
"Come, ask me what ye will."

I love to search his holy law,
To hear his words of love,

And feel his Spirit sweetly draw
My soul to "things above."

I love to ask, by faith and prayer,
His Spirit's guiding ray—
Through every scene of anxious care,
Through life's bewildered way.

Thus let me spend each rising hour,
Thus close my latest days,
Till I shall wake to sleep no more,
Where prayer is changed to praise.

OCTOBER 2.

Brethren, if a man be overtaken with a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—
GAL. vi. 1.

WOULDST thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and reckless spirit tame,
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead *a lost one* back to God?

Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirred—
Speak not to him a bitter word ;
Speak not—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny !

If widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way,
'T is pitiful—but yet beware !
Reform must come from kindly care.
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love ;
Though sadly his young heart hath erred,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

OCTOBER 3.

The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.—Ps. cxvi. 7

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused,
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

OCTOBER 4.

Thou art fairer than the children of men ; grace is
poured into thy lips : therefore, God hath blessed thee
forever.—PSALM xlvi. 2.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

His voice like the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
And the air is perfumed with his breath.

He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word,
He speaks, and Eternity filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

OCTOBER 5.

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will
your Father forgive your trespasses.—MATT. vi. 15.

YET I have sinned against my God,
And disobeyed ten thousand times ;
Am I prepared to feel His rod,
Avenging my ten thousand crimes ?

And thus He says He 'll deal with me,
If I 'm unwilling to forgive ;

For only those, *like Christ*, shall see
The glorious place where angels live.

OCTOBER 6.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth
my soul after Thee, O God.—PSALM xlvi. 1.

OH, Love ! I languish at thy stay !
I pine for thee with lingering smart !
Weary and faint through long delay ;
When wilt thou come into my heart ?
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee !

Come, oh my comfort and delight !
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown,
My gospel hope, my calling's prize ;
My tree of life, my paradise !

OCTOBER 7.

He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.
1 COR. vi. 17.

OH ! sacred union with the Perfect Mind !
Transcendent bliss, which thou alone canst give !
How blest are they this pearl of price who find,
And dead to earth have learned in thee to live !

Thus, in thine arms of love, oh God ! I lie ;
Lost, and forever lost, to all but thee !
My happy soul, since it hath learned to die,
Hath found new life in thine infinity.

Oh ! go and learn this lesson of the Cross,
And tread the way which saints and prophets
trod,
Who counting life, and self, and all things loss,
Have found, in inward death, the life of God.

OCTOBER 8.

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God ; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant.—PHIL. ii. 6, 7.

OH ! Lord, it is my fond desire
That Thou my name wilt own,
And much the kindness I admire,
That in thy actions shone.

But, oh ! how hard to imitate !
To Thee for help I call,
On others may I love to wait,
And be the least of all.

OCTOBER 9.

And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them.—ACTS xvi. 25.

CONTENT with beholding his face,
My all, to His pleasure resigned,

No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

OCTOBER 10.

How much owest thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 5.

CHOSEN not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love, how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise,—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies;
Gracious Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light ;
Blessed Saviour ! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

OCTOBER 11.

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one
to come.—HEB. xiii. 14.

'MID earth's dark scenes I must not stay,
The home I seek is far away,
Where Christ is not I would not be,
Oh ! there's a better land for me ;
This world is not my home.

All glory be to God most high,
Re-echoes sweetly through the sky,
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
Oh ! that's the land, the land for me ;
This world is not my home.

OCTOBER 12.

Judge not that ye be not judged.—MATT. vii. 1.

CONDEMN not, judge not—not to man
Is given his brother's faults to scan,
One task is thine, and one alone,
To search out and subdue thine own.

Guard well thy lips, none, none can know
What evils from the tongue may flow ;
What guilt, what grief may be incurred
By one incautious hasty word.

Set God before thee, every word
Thy lips pronounce by Him is heard,
Oh ! couldst thou realize this thought, .
What care, what caution would be taught.

OCTOBER 13.

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.
1 PETER ii. 22.

No selfish grief he ever felt,
No anger in his bosom dwelt,
But thoughts of love, of praise and prayer,
Like cloudless sunshine rested there.

His very foes were forced to tell
That no man ever spoke so well ;
And wondering crowds with gladness hung
On the sweet accents of his tongue.

OCTOBER 14.

Comfort one another with these words.—1 THESS. iv. 18.

WHEN sorrows wound thy brother's heart,
And fill his weeping eyes,
Go thou with whispered words of love,
And point him to the skies.

Remind him of that glorious Friend
Whose mercies cannot fail,
Whose sympathy and love are sure
Through all life's gloomy vale.

With all the "precious promises"
His fainting soul sustain,
Returning peace and joy shall prove
Thy work was not in vain.

OCTOBER 15.

Wherefore, in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto his brethren ; that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.—HEB. ii. 17

He in the days of mortal flesh,
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;

He knows what strong temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

The smoking flax he will not quench,
But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he will not break,
Nor scorn the meanest name.

OCTOBER 16.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him
Job xiii 15.

SMITE me, O Thou, whom I provoke !
And I will love thee still.
The well-deserved and righteous stroke
Shall please me, though it kill.

The heart, that values less its ease,
Than it adores thy ways,
In thine avenging anger sees
A subject of its praise.

OCTOBER 17.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted —Ps. cxix. 71.

God of my life, how good, how wise
Thy judgments on my soul have been !
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin :
How different now thy ways appear,
Most merciful, when most severe !

OCTOBER 18.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him.—LUKE xv. 20.

AM I not worthy to sustain
The worst Thou canst devise ?
And dare I seek thy throne again,
And meet thy sacred eyes ?

Far from afflicting, Thou art kind,
And in my saddest hours,

An unction of thy grace I find
Pervading all my powers.

Alas ! Thou *sparest* me yet again ;
And when thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou sooth'st me with thy love.

OCTOBER 19.

I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sus-
tained me.—PSALM iii. 5.

THOU spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

My heart should yield to thy command ;
To thee would I devote my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

OCTOBER 20.

I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.—GAL. ii 20.

SELF-LOVE dismissed ;—’t is then we live indeed,
In *her* embrace, death, only death is found ;
Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of *self*, with which thy soul
is bound.

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire,
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze ;
Eternal love, a God must needs inspire,
When once he wins the heart, and fits it for
his praise.

Oh ! I would cry, that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormentors, *love your God alone* ;
Let his unequalled excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all
your own.

OCTOBER 21.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep ; seek thy servant ;
for I do not forget thy commandments.—Ps. cxix 176.

THE atmosphere of earth, oh ! how
It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
And stayed the purpose high ;
And how these feet have gone astray,
That should have walked the narrow way.

And I have tarried longer now,
(Pleased with the scenes of time,)
That fitteth those who hope to go
To heaven, that holy clime ;
Who hope to pluck the fruit that grows
Where life's immortal river flows.

Forgive, and help, and guide Thou me,
Oh ! meek and holy One, .
That dim although the vision be,
The race I still may run ;

This eye, thus lifted to the skies,
This heart, thus burning for the prize.

OCTOBER 22.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed
be the name of the Lord.—JOB i. 21.

I YIELD thee back thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize,
Desirous only to retain
The notice of thine eyes.

But if by thine adored decree,
That blessing be denied,
Resigned, and unreluctant, see
My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down;—
Thy will in every state I love,
And even in thy frown.

OCTOBER 23.

But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—2 SAM. xii. 23.

I CANNOT sorrow much for you, ye purchase of our God,

Ye ransomed of the Infinite, with all-atoning blood,
In robes of immortality triumphantly you sing,
Oh! grave, where is thy victory, oh! Death, where
is thy sting?

Methinks I hear the shout with which the heavenly arches ring;

Methinks I see thy face reflect the glories of the King;

While everlasting joyfulness thy sunny forehead crowns,

And a halo of eternal bliss thy beauteous form surrounds.

Joy, joy to you, my precious one! the grief be all my own,

And *glory, honor, praise* to Him, who sitteth on the throne;

And bids us suffer such as you, without a *murmur* rise

To fill with starry blessedness the temples of the skies.

My spirit shall be much with you, and when I would rejoice,

I'll think upon the *welcome* of thy happy, happy voice,

When God shall call the mourner home to mingle with the blest,

Where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

OCTOBER 24.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.—PROV. xvi. 24.

SPEAK kindly to thy fellow-man,

For he or thou mayst die,

While bitterness is in thy heart,

And wrath is in thine eye.

Speak tenderly to him ; perchance
His breast has many cares,
And he along his weary way
A wounded spirit bears.

Speak meekly to him ; he may be
A holier man than thou,
And fitting it may be for thee
With reverence to bow.

Speak faithfully to him ; thy word
May touch him deep within,
And save his erring soul from death,
And cover o'er his sin.

OCTOBER 25.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—REV. xxii. 14.

OH ! happy, happy country, where
There entereth not a sin ;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.

No grief can change their day to night—
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
Far thence to endless banishment,
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eyes ;
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

OCTOBER 26.

Oh come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.—Ps. xcvi. 6.

COME to the place of prayer !
At morn, at night, in gladness or in grief—
Surround the throne of grace ; there seek relief,
Or pay your free and grateful homage there.

Has sickness entered in
Your peaceful mansion ? then let prayer ascend,

On wings of faith, to that all-gracious Friend,
Who came to heal the bitter pains of sin.

Has sorrow's withering blight
Your dearest hopes in desolation laid,
And the once cheerful home in gloom arrayed ?
Yet pray, for He can turn the gloom to light.

So in the world above
Kindred and friends may meet at last,
When this life's weary pilgrimage is past,
To mingle their rejoicing notes of love.

OCTOBER 27.

As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.—2 COR. vi. 10.

My heart is easy, and my burden light ;
I smile, though sad, when God is in my sight ;
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love Thee more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, love, and hope within my soul abound,

And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels unperceived I share.

Thy creatures wrong Thee, O Thou Sovereign God !
Thou art not loved, because not understood,
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

GUION.

OCTOBER 28.

We all do fade as a leaf.—ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

OH ! mark the withered leaves that fall
In silence to the ground ;
Upon the human heart they call,
And preach without a sound.

They say, “ So passes man’s brief year !
To-day his green leaves wave ;
To-morrow, changed by time, and sere,
He drops into the grave.”

Let wisdom be our sole concern,
Since life’s green days are brief ;

And faith and heavenly hope shall learn
A lesson from the leaf.

OCTOBER 29.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Ex. xx. 8.

Oh ! day of peace, whose dawning ray
Smiles meekly in the western sky ;
I love to own thy soothing sway,
While earth's vain cares and tumults die.

Oh ! day of joy, thy choral strain
Sounds sweetly in the pilgrim's ear ;
The listening soul forgets its pain,
And loses all its guilty fear.

Oh ! day of rest, what heavenly calm,
What hallowed peace thine hours impart !
How often has thy healing balm
Revived and soothed the contrite heart !

The shades of earth shall close these eyes,
Each earth-born joy be lost, unknown,

Yet still thy memory shall arise,
Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

OCTOBER 30.

We are saved by hope.—ROMANS viii. 24.

Oh ! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain ?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies ;
Hope that unites our souls to Heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

OCTOBER 31.

That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.
1 THESS. iv. 13.

WHO are so greatly blessed ?
From whom hath sorrow fled ?
Who find such deep, unbroken rest,
While all things toil ?—The dead !
The holy dead !—Why weep ye so
Above their sable bier ?
Thrice blessed ! they have done with woe,—
The living claim the tear.

We dream, but they awake ;
Dark visions mar our rest ;
'Mid thorns and snares our way we take,—
And yet we mourn the blessed.
For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed ;
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call the dead.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

NOVEMBER 1.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him ; He also will hear their cry, and will save them.—Ps. cxlv. 18.

WERE it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod ;
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscerned by all but God ?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,
Look to the cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn them all to gain.

KEBLE.

NOVEMBER 2.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—MATT. xvi. 24.

LOVEST Thou praise ? The cross is *shame* :
Or *ease* ? the cross is bitter *grief* :
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame,
Were suffered there without relief.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
Wishing, not struggling to be free.

KEBLE.

NOVEMBER 3.

He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.—JOHN xiv. 21.

HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord,
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

“ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore :
O for grace to love Thee more.

COWPER.

NOVEMBER 4.

Is it well with the child ? and she answered, It is well.—2 KINGS iv. 26.

“ Is it well with the child ? ” And she answered,
“ ’T is well ; ”
But I gazed on the mother who spake,
For the tremulous tear, as it sprang from its cell,
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake ;
And I marked that the bloom in her features had
fled,
So late in their loveliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher that bends o’er the
dead,
Was gathering in pensiveness there.

"Is it well with the child?" and she said, "It is
well,

It hath tasted of sickness and pain,
Of the pang, and the groan, and the gasp it might
tell—

It never will suffer again.

In my dreams, as an angel, it stands by my side,
In the garments of glory and love ;
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died
'Mid the choir of the blessed above."

NOVEMBER 5.

What is your life? it is even a vapor that appeareth for
a little time, and then vanisheth away.—JAMES iv. 14.

THE dream on the pillow
That flits with the day,
The leaf of the willow
A breath wears away.

The dust on the blossom,
The spray on the sea :

Ay—ask thine own bosom,
Are emblems of thee.

L. E. L.

NOVEMBER 6.

Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.
MARK xiv. 38.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold ;—
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights ;
Hurra! The harbor's near—
Lo, the red lights !

Slacken no sail yet
At inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land ;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam—

Christian ! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home !

MRS. SOUTHEY.

NOVEMBER 7.

Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.—MAL. iv. 2.

CEASE, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

NOVEMBER 8.

I will be glad in the Lord.—PSALM civ. 34.

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,

To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night,—

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its *home* in *Thee*.

NOVEMBER 9.

Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which
is far better —PHIL. i. 23.

'T is even so ! oh many a time the heart is sick
and sore,
It aches with sorrow and with care, as it could
ache no more ;
The faithless friend is far away—the faithful too
is gone ;
Of griefs and trials each can tell, the heaviest his
own.
Our plans, our purposes of joy are idle as the wind ;
A lengthening chain of sorrow still our memory
drags behind ;

'The hopes that cheered our spring of life, like sere
leaves drop away.

"With Jesus to depart and be, is better than to
stay."

DUFFIELD.

NOVEMBER 10.

He is not here; for He is risen as he said.
MATT. xxviii. 6.

How sweet in the musing of faith to repair
To the garden where Mary delighted to rove;
To sit by the tomb where she breathed her fond
prayer,
And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love;
To see the bright beam which disperses her fears,
As the Lord of her soul breaks the bars of his
prison,
And the voice of the angel salutes her glad ear,
The Lord is a captive no more—He is risen.

CUNNINGHAM.

NOVEMBER 11.

These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye
might have peace.—JOHN xvi. 33.

O SAVIOUR ! as oft as our footsteps we bend
In penitent sadness to weep at thy grave,
On the wings of thy greatness in pity descend,
Be ready to comfort and “mighty to save.”
We shrink not from scenes of desertion and woe,
If there we may meet with the Lord of our love ;
Contented, with Mary, to sorrow below
If, with her, we may drink of thy fountains
above.

IBID.

NOVEMBER 12.

Do all things without murmurings and disputings,
that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of
God without rebuke, &c.—PHIL. ii 14, 15

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne :
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

NOVEMBER 13.

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts.
COLOSSIANS iii. 15.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

COWPER.

NOVEMBER 14.

I will surely do thee good.—GEN. xxxii. 12.

FAIR is the lot that's cast for me,
I have an advocate in Thee ;

They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast—
Poor though I am—despised, forgot,
Yet God—my God—forget me not,
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

NOVEMBER 15.

And Enoch walked with God.—GEN. v. 24.

O WALK with God, and thou shalt find
How He can charm thy way,
And lead thee with a quiet mind
Into his perfect day.

His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
That bathes the drooping flower,
That love is every morning new,
Nor fails at evening hour.

HALLOWEEN.

NOVEMBER 16.

Jesus Christ died to deliver us from this present evil world.—GAL. i. 4.

THE pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dangerous snares to souls ;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet
And dashed with bitter bowls.

In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

NOVEMBER 17.

If I then... your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.—JOHN xiii. 14

O BLESSED Jesus ! when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant at thy servant's feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet

To share thy feast, I know not t' adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Meek Jesus, to my soul thy spirit bending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love :
With humblest service all thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before thy throne above—
Yes ! serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas, in thy service meek.

BETHUNE.

NOVEMBER 18.

As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.—GAL. vi. 16.

COME, brother, turn with me from pining thoughts,
And all those inward ills that sin has wrought ;
Come, send abroad a love for all who live.
Canst guess what deep content, in turn, they give ?
Kind wishes and good deeds will render back
More than thou e'er canst sum. Thou 'lt nothing
lack,

But say, "I'm full!"—where does the stream
begin?

The source of outward joy lies deep within.

E'en let it flow, and make the places glad
Where dwelt thy fellow-men. Shouldst thou be
sad,

And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness
More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear
The music of those waters running near,
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,
And thine eye gladden with the playing beam,
That now, upon the water, dances, now,
Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.

DANA.

NOVEMBER 19.

I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.—Ps. xxxviii. 6.

TEMPESTS their furious course may sweep
Swiftly o'er the troubled deep,

Darkness may lend her gloomy aid,
And wrap the groaning world in shade ;
But man can show a darker hour,
And bend beneath a stronger power ;—
There is a tempest of the *soul*,
A gloom where milder billows roll !

The howling wilderness may spread
Its pathless deserts parched and dread,
Where not a blade of herbage blooms,
Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes ;
Where silence, death, and horror reign,
Unchecked, across the wide domain ;—
There is a desert of the *mind*
More hopeless, dreary, undefined !

Oh Thou ! who in thy blessed life
Rebuked and quelled the billows' strife ;
Thou who didst bid the tempest cease,
And o'er the angry waves, breathed *Peace*
Come Thou, dear Saviour, to my breast,
And give, oh give the weary rest—

Oh calm this troubled soul of mine,
And fill it with a joy divine.

ANON.

NOVEMBER 20.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his Lord ; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him.—JOHN xiii. 16.

O BLESSED name of Servant ! comprehending
Man's highest honor in his humblest name ;
For Thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim ;
He who would rise like Thee, like *Thee* must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

Daily my pilgrim feet as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin ;
Daily do thou, Thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with Thee,
And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

BETHUNE.

NOVEMBER 21.

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue. I was dumb with silence ; I held my peace even from good ; and my sorrow was stirred.—PSALM xxxix. 1, 2.

IT is a weary and a bitter task

Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
And to shut out heaven's air with falsehood's mask,

And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
Indignant feelings—making e'en of thought
A buried treasure, which may but be sought

When shadows are abroad and night and sleep—
Yet what to our poor feeble sense seems hard,
Is possible, and more than possible with God.

NOVEMBER 22.

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat.—MATT. xxvi. 6, 7.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him

Her costliest present brought ;

To crown his head or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned
And thought the poor bereft,
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
For He approved the gift.

So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised ;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

NOVEMBER 23.

Behold the fowls of the air ; for they sow not, neither do they reap or gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ?—MATT. vi. 26.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumult, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life ;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss

Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—
Then turn into the peaceful woods and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

M'LELLAN.

NOVEMBER 24.

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all,
yet let him remember the days of darkness ; for they
shall be many.—ECCLES. xi. 8.

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fixed, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings !
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with ten-fold haste
Back would he gladly fly, till all should be re-
traced.

What matter whether pain or pleasure fill
The swelling heart one little moment here?
From both alike how vain is every thrill,
While an untried eternity is near!
Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career;
The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
Shoot into port in triumph! or *serenely* glide.

WILCOX.

NOVEMBER 25.

The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.—Ps. xxxvii. 11.

OH give me yet in some recluse abode
Encircled with a faithful few to dwell,
Where power cannot oppress nor care corrode,
Nor venom'd tongues the tale of slander tell;—
Or bear me to some solitary cell,
Beyond the reach of every human eye;
And let me bid a long and last farewell

To each alluring object 'neath the sky,
And then in peace await my hour in peace to die.

"Ah vain desire!" a still small voice replied;
"No place, no circumstance can Peace impart:—
She scorns the mansion of unvanquished pride,
Sweet inmate of a pure and humble heart;—
Take then thy station—act thy proper part:—
A Saviour's mercy seek,—his will perform:
His word has balm for sin's envenomed smart,
His love diffused thy shuddering breast shall warm;
His power provide a shelter from the gathering
storm."

HUNTINGDON.

NOVEMBER 26.

God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.
2 CORINTHIANS v. 19.

Oh what a desperate load of sin had we
When God must plot for our felicity!
When God must beg us that he may forgive,
And die himself before mankind could live!

And what still are we, when our King in vain
Begs his lost rebels to be friends again ?
Be silent then, ye narrow souls take heed,
Lest you restrain the mercy you will need.
But O my soul, from these be different ;
Imitate thou a nobler precedent ;
As God with open arms the world does woo,
Learn thou like God to be enlarged too,
As he begs thy consent to pardon thee,
Learn to submit unto thy enemy ;
As he was crucified for and by thee,
Crucify thou what caused his agony ;
And like to him be mortified to sin,
Die to the world as He died for it then.

CATHARINE PHILIPS.

NOVEMBER 27.

Awake psaltery and harp : I myself will awake early ;
I will praise Thee, O Lord, among the people ; and I will
sing praises unto Thee among the nations.—Ps. cviii. 2, 3.

SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake ;
My powers are all renewed ;

May my freed spirit too awake,
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer *Sloth*, no more
My mind imprisoned keep ;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon *Sleep*.

Hark ! O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain,
What treasures would they give !

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I, dying, shall esteem ;
And, every pleasure to despise
I then shall worthless deem.

H. MORE.

NOVEMBER 28.

They that seek me early shall find me.—PROV. viii. 17.

COME while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—

Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
throwing,

Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.

Life is but shadows save a promise given,

Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray:

O ! touch the sceptre ! with a hope in heaven—

Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence

Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,

And, shining brightly in the forward distance,

Will of thy patient race appear the goal ;

Home of the weary ! where, in peace reposing,

The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss :

Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,

Who would not early choose a lot like this.

ANON.

NOVEMBER 29.

There is none like unto Thee, O Lord ; Thou art great,
and Thy name is great in might.—JER. x. 6.

IN the dark winter of affliction's hour,

When summer friends and pleasures haste away,

And the wrecked heart perceives how frail each
power,

It made a refuge and believed a stay ;
When man all wild and weak is seen to be—
There's none like *Thee*, O Lord ! there's none
like *Thee* !

When the world's sorrow working only death,
And the world's comfort—caustic to the wound,
Make the wrung spirit loathe life's daily breath,
As jarring music from a harp untuned ;
While yet it dare not from the discord flee,—
There's none like Thee, O Lord ! There's none
like Thee !

JEWSBURY.

NOVEMBER 30.

We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers ; remembering, without ceasing, your work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father.—1 THESS. i. 2, 3.

THE ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise—the brilliant deeds

Which live but in the eye of observation—
These have their meed at once. But there's a joy
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak
Its whispering plaudit to the silent soul.
Heaven notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves ;
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And from the cheek of patient sorrow wipes
The tear by mortal eye unseen or scorned.

H. MORE.

DECEMBER 1.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Ps. xc. 12.

We speak and we read of the hero's deeds,
And envy perchance his fame ;
We would tread, like him, some path that leads
To gaining a deathless name ;
And we sigh as our time is vainly spent,
“ Oh, 't was not for this that I was meant ! ”

But when some one we gaze on from day to day,

And tend with a holy care,

Lightening the woes in each other's way,

Each breathing a mutual prayer.

Oh ! here in the homeliest act or speech,

May we to the fame of a hero, reach.

For when selfish thoughts are for others subdued,

And smiles conquer the rising frown,

When we love our own in another's good,

Oh we weave us a deathless crown,

That many a hero's present or past,

With all its glory has never surpassed.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

DECEMBER 2.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.—Ps. cii. 17.

A sound in yonder glade,

But not of fount or breeze,

A sound—but not of the whispering made

By the palm and the olive-trees ;

It is not the minstrel's lute,
Nor the swell of the night-bird's song,
Nor the city's hum when all else is mute,
By echo borne along.

'T is a voice—the Saviour's own—
“Woman, why weepest thou?”
She turns—and her grief is forever flown,
And the shade that dimmed her brow;

He is there, her risen Lord,
No more to know decline;
He is there with peace in his every word,
The wept one,—still divine.

JEWSBURY.

DECEMBER 3.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?—Ps. xciv. 9.

I BENT o'er the pillow to catch the breath
Of the child just locked in the arms of death;
I marked the veins in her closing eye,
And I shuddered with fear as I saw her die;

Ah ! who in the lonely grave will keep
A vigil over my darling's sleep ?

My soul was sad, but a still small voice
Whispered, oh Christian ! rejoice—rejoice !
Through the gloom of the grave, can *He* not see
Who *formed* the eye that is closing to thee ?
Though the voice thou hast loved break no more on
thine ear,
Yet, He who attuned it, shall *He* not hear ?

M.

DECEMBER 4.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come
with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon
their head ; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sor-
row and mourning shall flee away.—ISAIAH li. 11.

THERE is light on the hills, and the valley is past !
Ascend, happy pilgrim ! thy labors are o'er !
The sunshine of Heaven around thee is cast,
And thy weak doubting footsteps can falter no
more.

On, Pilgrim, that hill richly circled with rays
Is Zion ! Lo, there is the city of saints !
And the beauties, the glories, that region displays,
Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints.

But the "gate of one pearl" to thee opened shall be
And thou all its beauties and glories behold ;
The Saviour an entrance has purchased for thee,
And thy dwelling, henceforth, is the city of gold.

OPIE.

DECEMBER 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—JAMES i. 5.

O WISDOM ! if thy soft control
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace ;
Wisdom, I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

Oh Thou ! who givest liberally
That wisdom which but dwells with Thee,
Look down in pity from above,
Impart to us a heart of love,
And never let our footsteps stray
From heavenly Wisdom's perfect way.

DECEMBER 6.

Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.—PROV. xx. 22.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury—
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie,
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn
To scorn to owe a duty over-long ;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne ;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong,

To scorn to bear an injury in mind ;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

CAREW.

DECEMBER 7.

That when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad
also with exceeding joy.—1 PETER iv. 13.

SHE was not made for happiness ; too much

She felt for others' woe,

What to another's heart was but a touch,

Hers felt a cruel blow.

No tale of suffering, sorrow, or disease,

But found an echo there—

A wounded bird—a broken flower—e'en these

Her sympathy might share.

Yet hopefully she spake, and happily

Of communings with God—

Of light and glory, that we could not see,

Upon the path she trod.

A setting sunbeam from her cloudy lot

At length broke brightly forth—

Oh ! she was made for happiness—but not
The happiness of earth.

M. A. BROWNE.

DECEMBER 8.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy find-
eth life, righteousness and honor.—PROV. xxi. 21.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race !
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through !
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting show.

But oh ! too soon, alas ! we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend

The gently rising hill of time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
And all its sweetness, end.

The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past :
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down ;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear 's a winter's storm,
And every look 's a frown.

DECEMBER 9.

And when they had sung a hymn they went out into
the Mount of Olives.—MATT. xxvi. 30.

THERE 's something sweet in scenes of gloom
To hearts of joy bereft.

When hope has withered in its bloom,
When friends are going to the tomb,
Or in the tomb are left.

'T is night—a lovely night ;—and lo,
Like men in vision seen,
The Saviour and his brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,—
Led by heaven's lamp serene,—

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
To Olivet's dark steep,
There, o'er past joys, gone like a dream,
O'er future woes, that present seem,
In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned ;
Their dream of thrones has fled ;
The table that his love has crowned
They ne'er again shall gather round,
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
The hope of sins forgiven ;

Then, when our friends the grave devours,
When all the world around us lowers,
We'll look from earth to heaven.

PIERPONT.

DECEMBER 10.

The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to comfort all that mourn.—ISAIAH lxi. 1, 2.

MANY and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame ;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless *thousands* mourn.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast,
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the best !

The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

Oh death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden, mourn.

BURNS.

DECEMBER 11.

In all these things we are more than conquerors
through Him that loved us.—Rom. viii. 37.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;

Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
View the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame or loss :
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

DECEMBER 12.

In the day of my trouble, I will call upon thee, for Thou
wilt answer me.—Ps. lxxxvi. 7.

AH whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more ;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

DECEMBER 13.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.—1 THESS. iv. 14.

COME, gather to this burial-place, ye gay !
Ye, of the sparkling eye, and frolic brow,
I bid ye hither. She, who makes her bed
This day, 'neath yon damp turf, with spring flow-
ers sown,
Was one of you. Time had not laid his hand
On tress or feature, stamping the dread lines
Of chill decay, till death had naught to do,
Save that slight office which the passing gale
Doth to the wasted taper. Yet from all she turned,
All she forsook, unclasping her warm hand
From Friendship's ardent pressure, with such smile

As if she were the gainer. To lie down
In this dark pit she cometh, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes, till the glorious morn
Of resurrection. Wondering do you ask—
Where is her blessedness ? Go home, ye gay,
Go to your secret chambers, and kneel down,
And ask of God. Urge your request like him
Who on the slight raft, 'mid the ocean's foam,
Toileth for life. And when ye win a hope
That the world gives not, and a faith divine,
Ye will no longer marvel how the friend
So beautiful, so loved, so lured by all
The pageantry on earth, could meekly find
A blessedness in death.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DECEMBER 14.

As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also
bear the image of the heavenly.—1 Cor. xv. 49

I SIGH from this body of sin to be free ;
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee ;

Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at
home.

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy fair image, arise from the tomb
With glorified millions, to praise Thee at home. .

DECEMBER 15.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.—SOLOMON'S SONG iv. 6.

ON Pisgah's top I now would stand,
Once more to view the promised land,
The land of thy abode :
The land where fruits immortal grow,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Forth from the throne of God.

O, that my soul were filled with Thee,
With visions of thy majesty
And condescending love !

Then would its gilded pinions, Lord,
Be ready at the Master's word,
To take its flight above.

DECEMBER 16.

By me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of
thy life shall be increased.—PROV. ix. 11.

OH, what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled ?

Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

Press onward through each varying hour,
Let no weak fears thy course delay ;
Immortal being, feel thy power ;
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

DECEMBER 17.

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—ROMANS viii. 18.

How blest the minds which daily rise
To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
And lose this vale of tears !

On heaven-taught pinions while they soar,
And joys unknown to sense explore,
How low the cares of mortal life,
How mean its bliss appears.

Oh for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my thoughts and hopes above
These little scenes of care ;
Above these gloomy mists which rise,
And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes ;
To see the dawn of heavenly day,
And breathe celestial air..

. Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues,
Then join in rapture-breathing songs,
And tune the golden lyre :

To Jesus, their exalted Lord,
Dear name ! how loved and how adored !
His charms awake the heavenly strain,
And every note inspire.

DECEMBER 18.

For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.—2 CORINTHIANS v. 2.

THERE is a house not made with hands, eternal
in the skies ;
And far beyond this scene of things the fair pos-
session lies :
Then let this earthly tenement dissolve in kindred
dust,
My Saviour hath a place prepared, and He is all
my trust.

For this inheritance I wait, within my house of
clay,
'Mid darkness and imprisonment, still languishing
for day :

Nor naked would my soul appear, before my Father's face,
But "clothed upon" in righteousness, through my Redeemer's grace.

DECEMBER 19.

Whether it be good, or whether it be evil, we will obey the voice of the Lord our God: that it may be well with us, when we obey the voice of the Lord our God.—JER. xlvi. 6.

"IT is well."

And oh! for us who, musing o'er the grave,
Sigh for the rest a stranger's breast hath found,
Were it not well, in the heart's hour of grief,
When earth is dim, and all her shining streams
Discourse no more in music to our ears—
When shadows rest upon her brightest flowers,
And the continual sorrow of the soul
Doth darken sun and moon,—to dream at last
Of a still rest beneath the lowly stone—
A calm, unbroken slumber, where the eye

Shall weep no more in sadness, and the pulse
Forget its quick, wild throbings ?

O'er the grave
Such were my musings, till a deeper truth
Broke on my mind, as the blue violet shed
Its sweetness round me, and the evening winds
Brought fragrance from afar ; and then I prayed,
In lowness of heart, that I might bear
In faith "the heat and burden of the day,"
And never, till His purpose was fulfilled
And every errand He had set performed,
In trusting patience, sigh for dreamless rest,
Nor till th' impartial pen of Truth could write
Above that quiet refuge—"It is well."

LUCY HOOPER.

DECEMBER 20.

We give thanks to God, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the hope which is laid up for you in heaven, whereof ye heard before in the word of the truth in the gospel.—COL. i. 3, 5.

Oh, who would heed the chilling blast
That flows o'er time's eventful sea,

If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity ?

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss.

PEABODY.

DECEMBER 21.

And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.
MALACHI iii. 3.

'T is sweet to feel that He who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies ;
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal too destroy.

But ah ! how much of earthly mould,
Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore must he behold ;
How long must He refine,

Ere in the silver He can trace
The first faint semblance to his face.

Thou great Refiner ! sit thou by
Thy promise to fulfil :
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
And melted at thy will,
O, may thy work forever shine,
Reflecting beauty pure as thine.

H. F. GOULD.

DECEMBER 22.

Because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son ; that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven.—GEN. xxii. 16, 17.

BECAUSE thou didst not here withhold
Thy child, thine only one,
Thy faith shall to the world be told,
And what thy God hath done.

Then rise, ye future saints, and live
With Abraham's holy trust ;

*Believe, whate'er he bids you, give
Your God still kind and just.*

The soul that heaven in mercy tries,
As gold from earth's alloy,
Shall find the *Mount of Sacrifice*
Become the *Mount of Joy*.

H. F. GOULD.

DECEMBER 23.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men thall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.—Is. xl. 30.

GIVE me thy strength, my Father: I am frail,
And weak and helpless: unto Thee I pray
For strong upholding power, lest by the way
My footsteps falter, and my courage fail.

Give me thy grace, my Father, day by day,
As trials come, and pressing earthly cares
Increase the burden which my spirit bears,
Thy grace to lighten care and cheer the way.

Give me thy grace where hope's glad ray appears,
Gilding the future with its golden light,
While I, enchanted by the glorious sight,
Know naught of sorrow or foreboding fears.

Oh! then I need thy grace to guide aright,
Lest quite bewildered by the brilliant ray,
I tread unheedingly the flowery way
Till duty's safer path be lost to sight.

DECEMBER 24.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.—JOHN xvii. 15.

PILGRIM in the path of life,
Fainting in the daily strife,
Wishing, longing to be free
From thy load of misery,
Panting for the heavenly home
Where no blighting sorrows come ;
List thy Saviour's prayer for thee,
Wait his time to set thee free.
Youthful spirit, worn and crushed,
All thy hopes in darkness hushed ;

Quenched each aspiration vain ;
Silent bearing grief and pain,
Longing for the peace and love
Of the holy courts above ;
List thy Saviour's prayer for thee,
Wait his time to set thee free.

Not that thou shouldst take away
These thy creatures of a day,
Pray I, Father, but that in
Mercy thou wouldst save from sin ;
Keep them from the evil one,
Till their course of life is run,
This, thy Saviour prayed for thee,
Patient wait till thou art free.

DECEMBER 25.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men.—LUKE ii. 14.

HARK ! hark ! with harps of gold what anthems
do they sing !
The radiant clouds have backward rolled, and seraphs strike the string,

"Glory to God," angelic voices sound from far,
And on the hallowed rapture wings, from circling
star to star.

"Glory to God!" repeat the glad earth and the
sea,

And every wind, and billow flat, bears on the
jubilee;

While words of heavenly birth thrill deep our
hearts again,

And fall like dew-drops to the earth, "peace and
good-will to men."

Soft, yet the soul is bound with rapture, like a
chain,

Earth, vocal, whispers them around, and heaven
repeats the strain,

Sound, harps! and hail the morn with every golden
string,

For unto us is born this day, a Saviour and a
King.

DECEMBER 26.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him
that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.—Is.
lii. 7.

How beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Thy form how comely, and thy voice how sweet,
Son of the Highest!—who can tell thy fame?
The Deaf shall hear it, while the Dumb proclaim;
Now bid the Blind behold their Saviour's light,
The Lame go forth rejoicing in thy might;
Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling Leper's skin;
Cheer this pale penitent, forgive her sin;
O, for that mother's faith, her daughter spare;
Restore the Maniac to a father's prayer;
Pity the tears those mournful sisters shed,
And be the *Resurrection of the Dead.*

MONTGOMERY.

DECEMBER 27.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burn-
ing; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their
Lord.—LUKE xii. 35, 36

LIFE a field of battle is,
Thousands fall within our view,

And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be sent to me or you.
While we preach and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think,
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink.

If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be,
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come ;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

DECEMBER 28.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying,
he shall never see death.—JOHN viii. 51.

LAY down thy body ! hast thou worshipped it
With vanity's sweet incense, and wild waste

Of precious time ? Did beauty bring it gifts,
The lily brow, the full resplendent eye,
The tress, the bloom, the grace, whose magic power
Woke man's idolatry ? oh lay it down,
Earth's reptile banqueters have need of it.
Still may'st thou bear o'er Jordan's stormy wave,
One blessed trophy ; if thy life hath striven
By penitence and faith such boon to gain,
The victor palm of Christ's atoning love :
And this shall win thee entrance when thou
stand'st
A pilgrim at heaven's gate.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DECEMBER 29.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord ; my soul shall be joyful in my God.—Is. lxi. 10.

—BUT He, the Eternal Ruler, willeth not
The slavery of the soul. His claim is love,
A filial spirit, and a song of praise.
It doth not please Him, that his servants wear
The livery of mourning. *Peace* is sown

Along their pilgrim path—and holy hopes,
Like birds of Paradise, do sweetly pour
Melodious measures—and a glorious faith
Springs up o'er Jordan's wave. Say, is it meet
For those who wear a Saviour's badge, to sigh
In heathen heaviness, when earthly joys
Quench their brief taper? or go shrinking down
As to a dungeon, when the gate of death
Opes its low valve, to show the shining track
Up to an angel's heritage of bliss.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DECEMBER 30.

Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.—Is. xlvi. 10.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power.
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For He will hear my prayer.

Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

DECEMBER 31.

When a few years are come, then I shall go the way
whence I shall not return —JOB xvi. 22.

As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind :
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;

Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when Life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.



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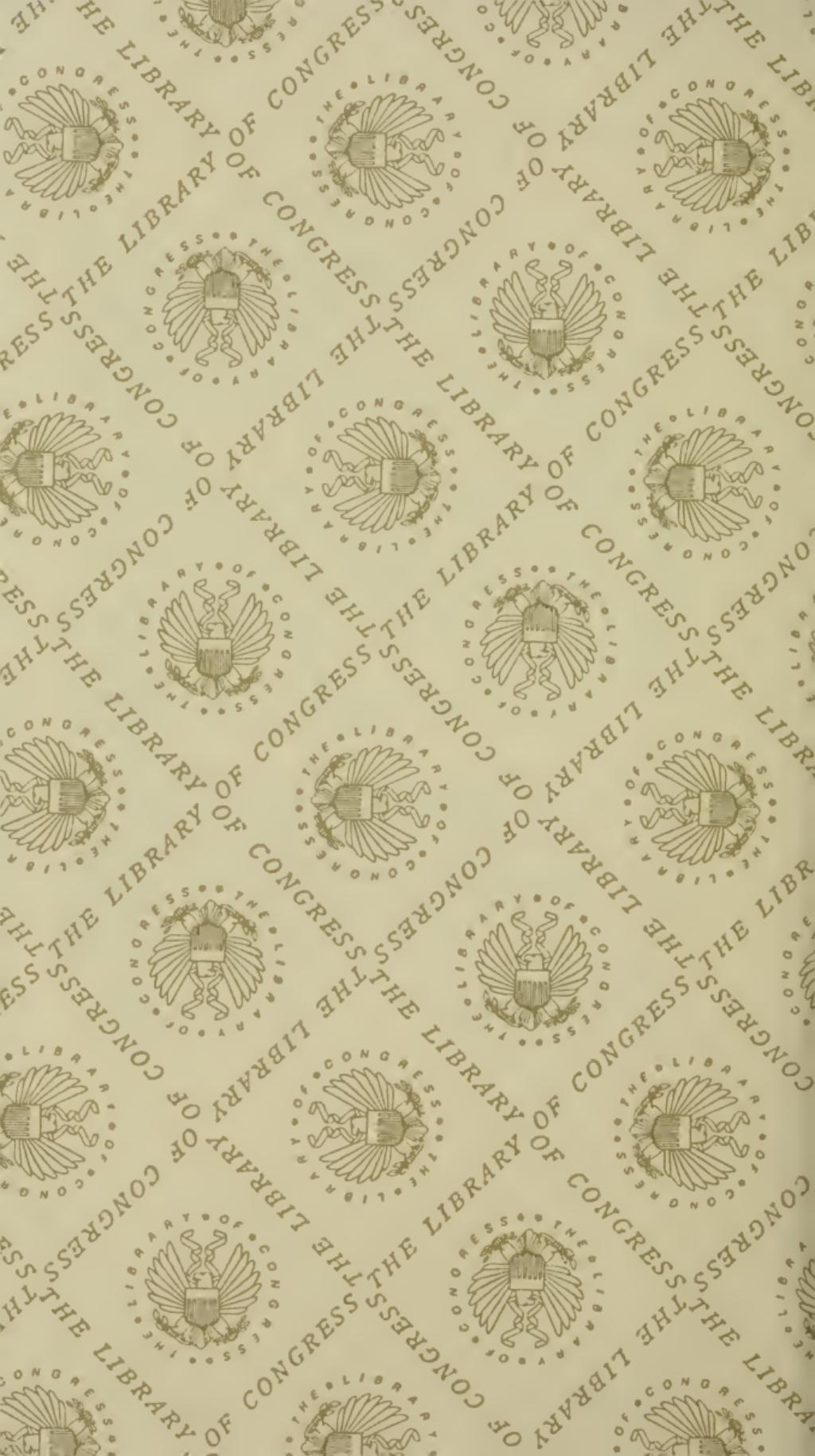
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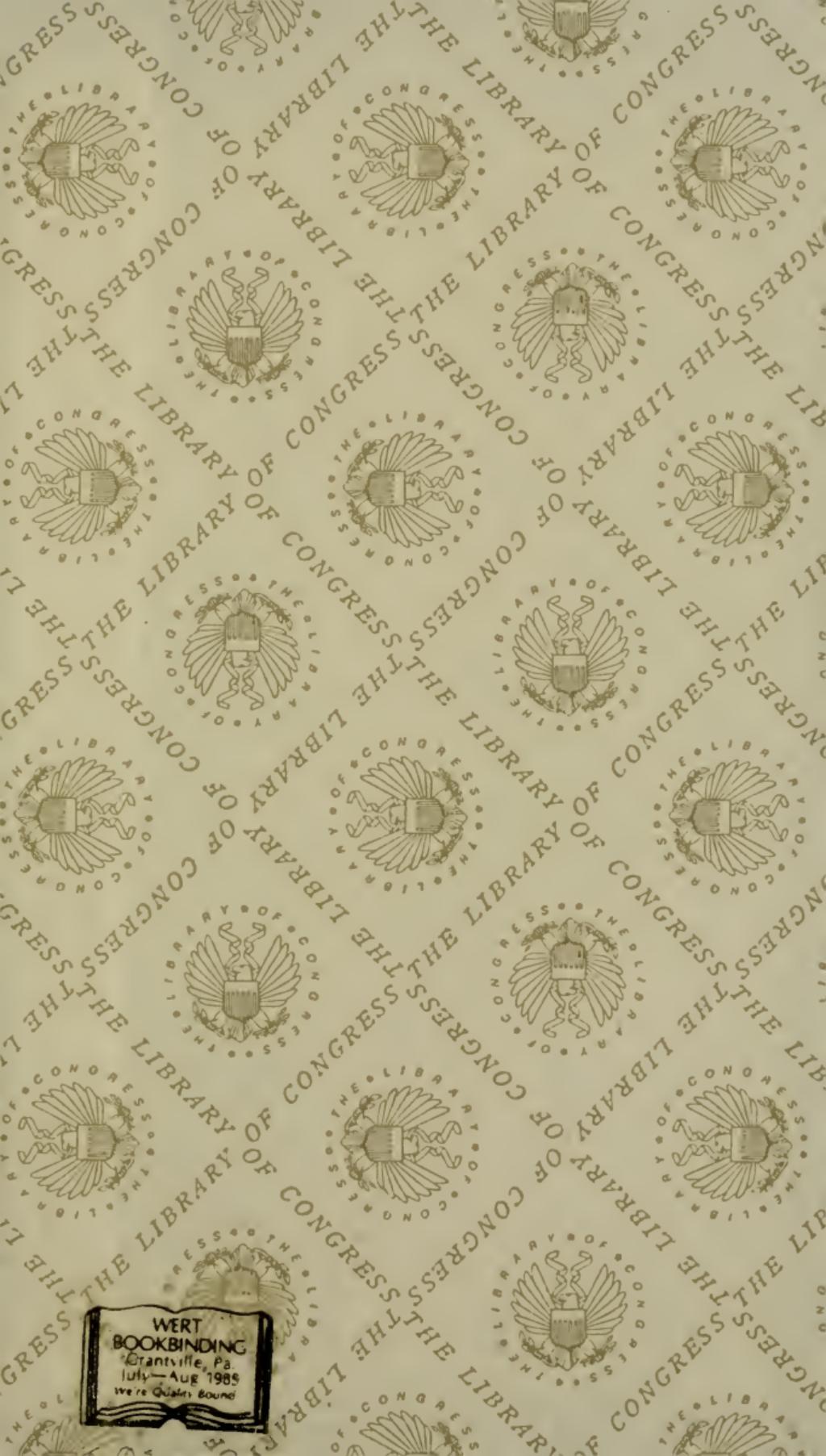
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